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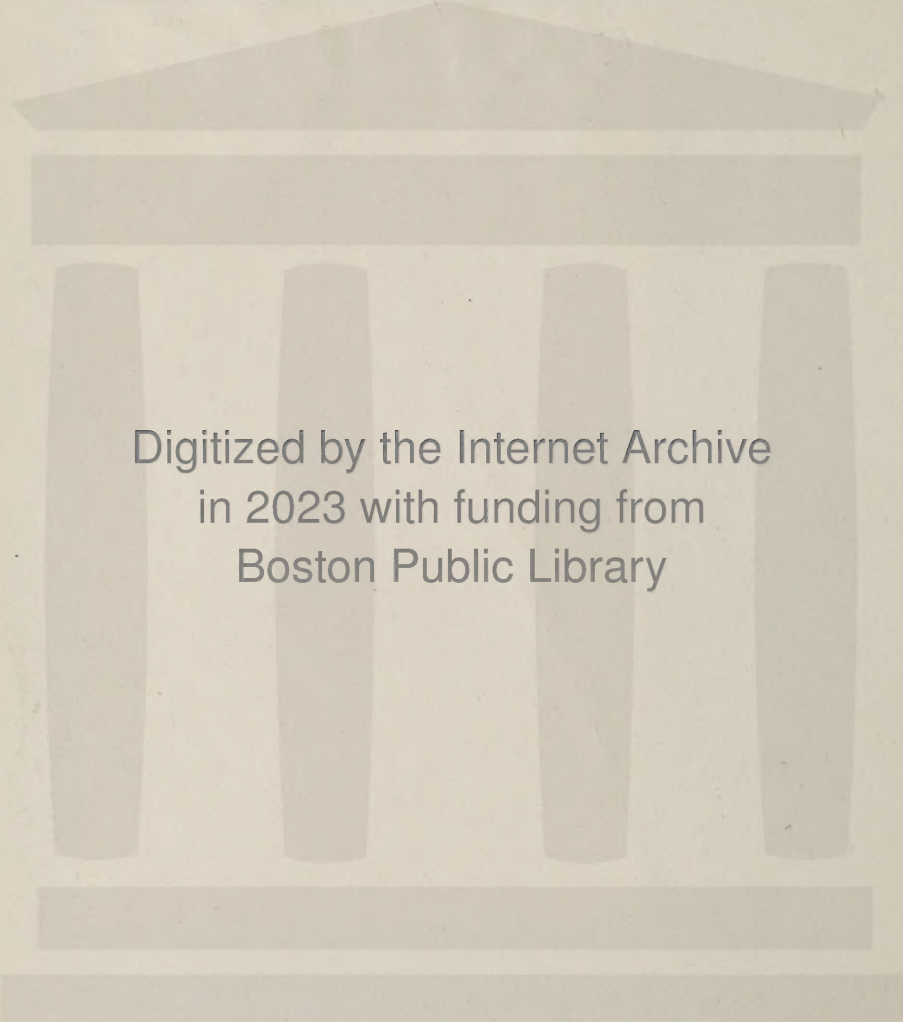


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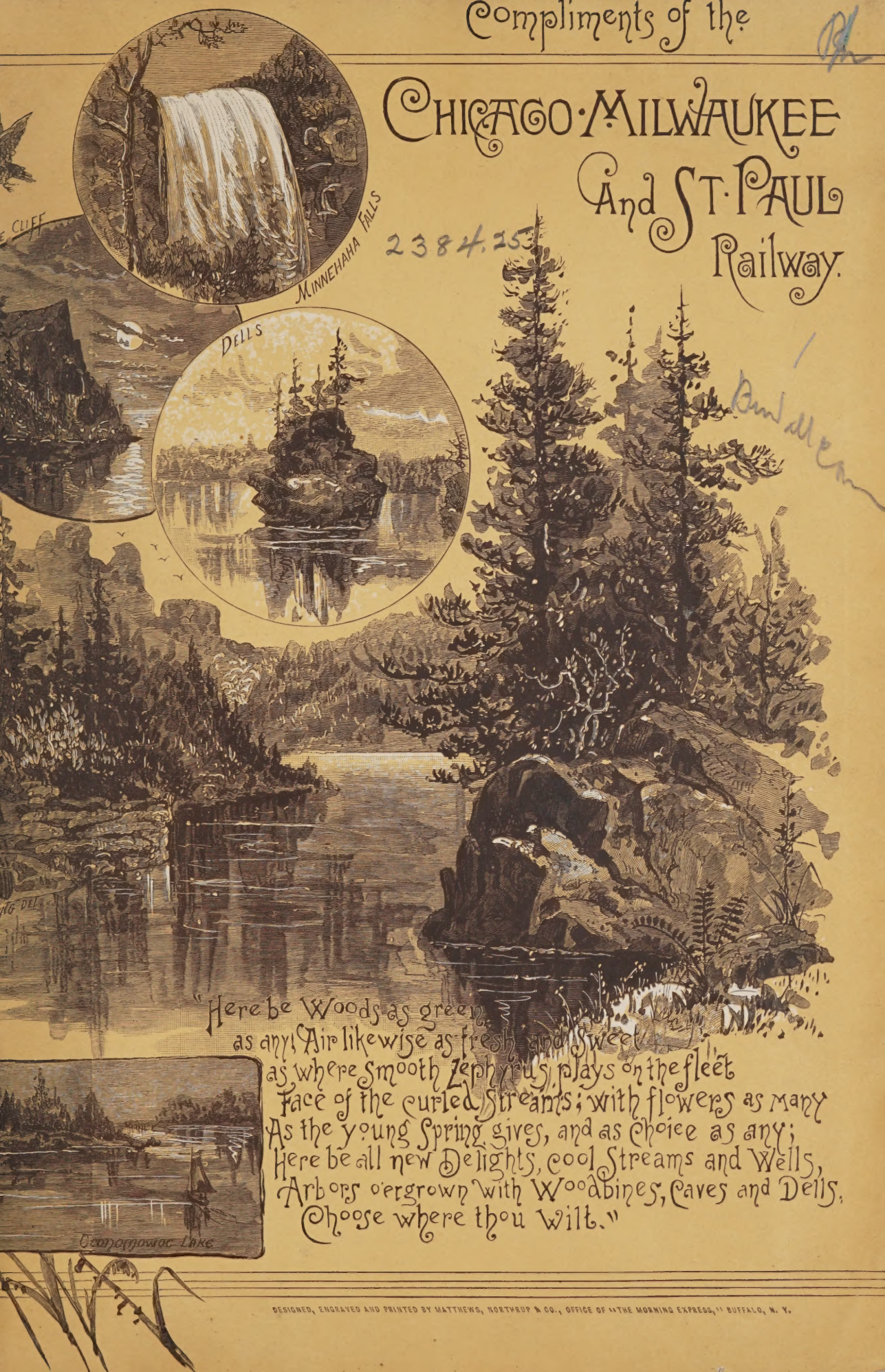


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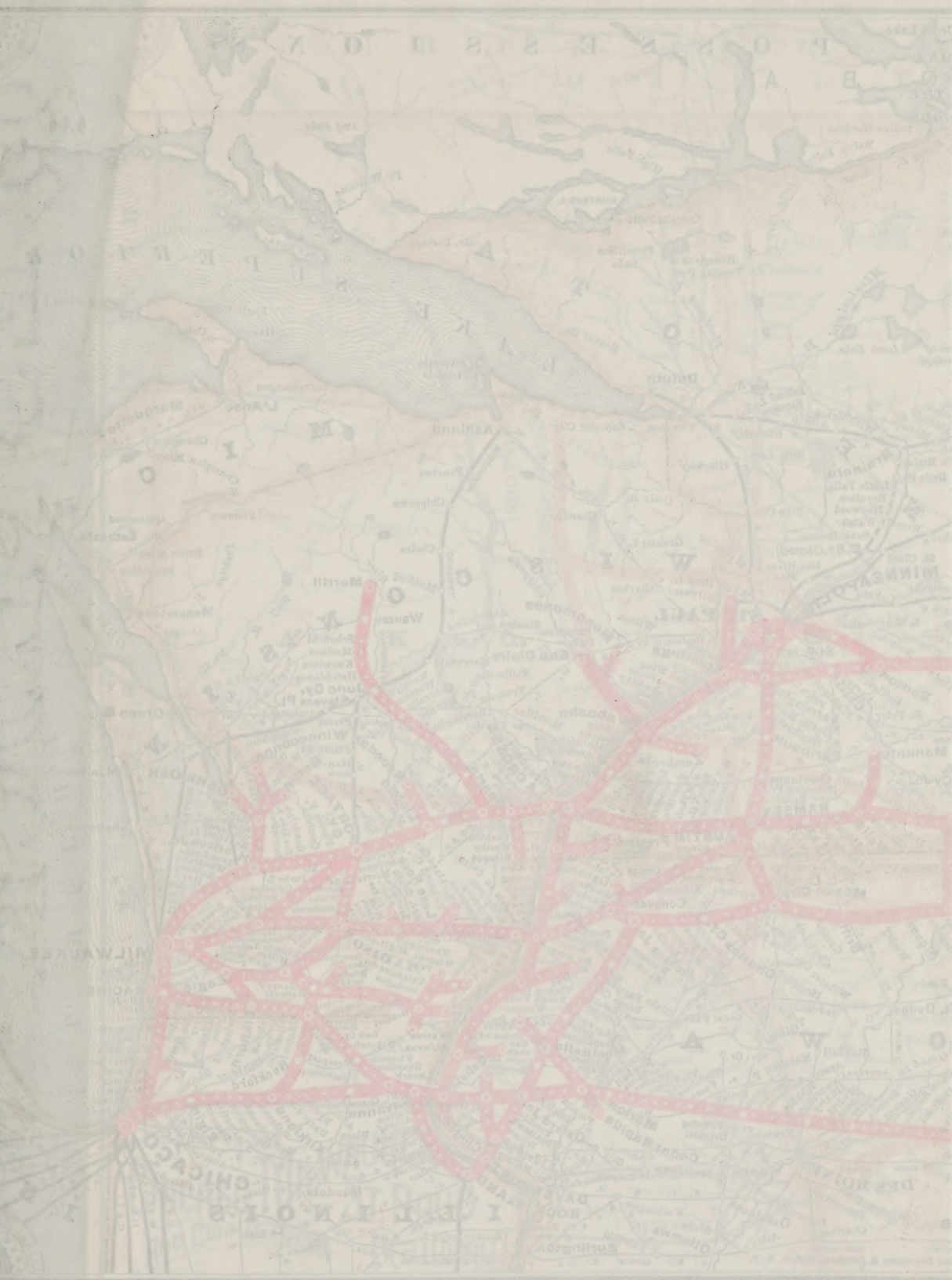


"Here be Woods as green  
as any; Air likewise as fresh and Sweet  
as where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
Face of the curled Streams; with flowers as many  
As the young Spring gives, and as choice as any;  
Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,  
Arbors o'ergrown with Woodbines, Caves and Dells,  
Choose where thou wilt."

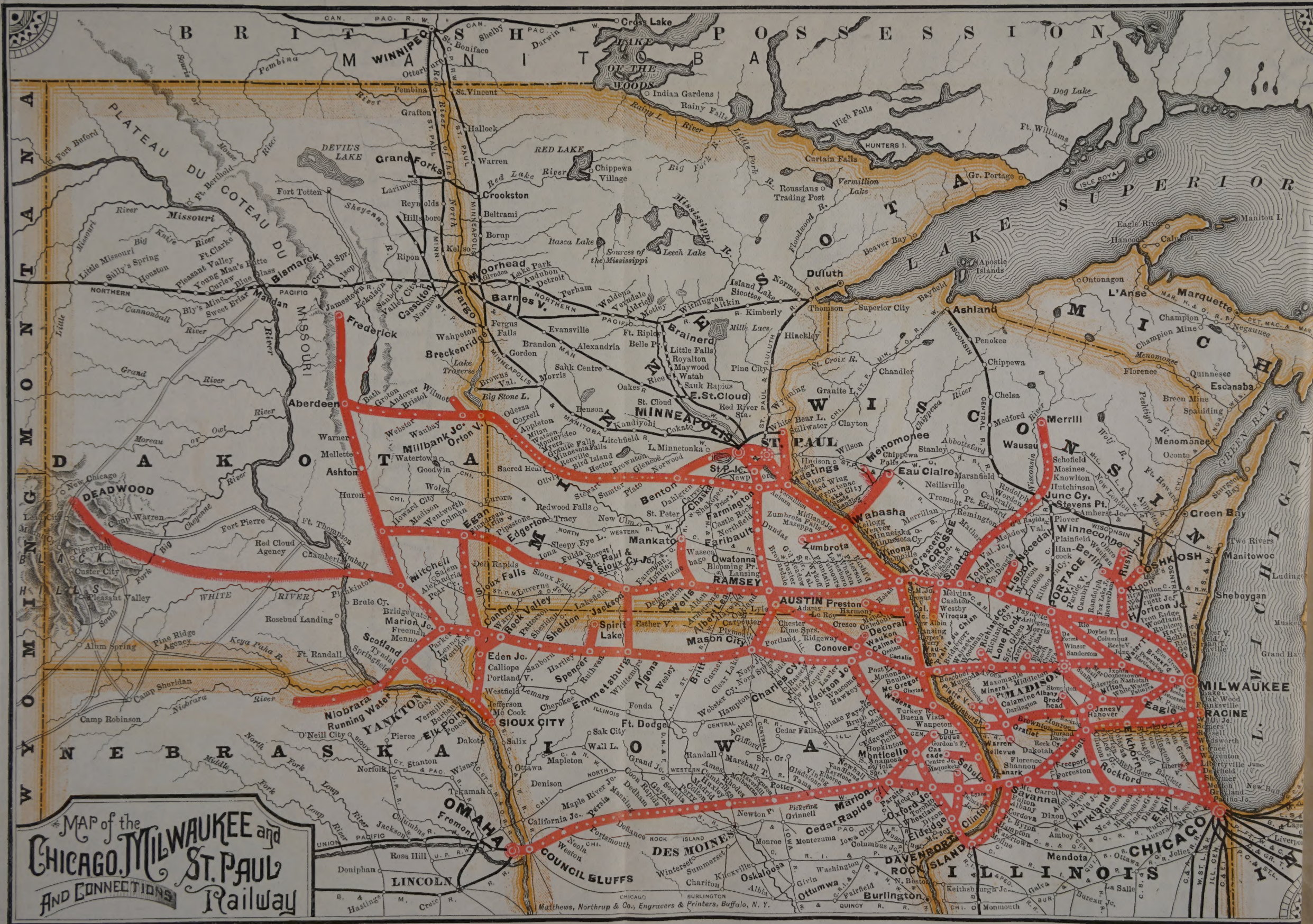
















INCLUDING  
THE EXPERIENCES OF OUR TRIUMVIRATE  
IN  
WISCONSIN AND ALONG THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

*Written and Illustrated*  
BY  
FRANK H. TAYLOR.

1882.

# CONTENTS.

## MILWAUKEE AND THE WISCONSIN LAKE REGION.

	PAGE.
NOTE 1.—Introductory, . . . . .	3
2.—The City of Milwaukee, . . . . .	5
3.—The Wisconsin Lake Resorts, . . . . .	8
4.—The City of Madison and Beaver Dam, Wis., . . . . .	14

## THE WISCONSIN DELL REGION.

NOTE 5.—The Dells, . . . . .	17
6.—About Kilbourn City and beyond, . . . . .	24

## THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

NOTE 7.—Up the Mississippi from Dubuque, . . . . .	28
8.—Our Special Train from La Crosse to St. Paul, . . . . .	31

## ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND VICINITY.

NOTE 9.—The Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, . . . . .	35
10.—Lake Minnetonka and its Park, . . . . .	41

## ALONG THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

NOTE 11.—From Lake Superior, Southward, . . . . .	44
12.—A few Resolutions, which you needn't read if you are tired, . . . . .	48

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Mar. 17, 1884

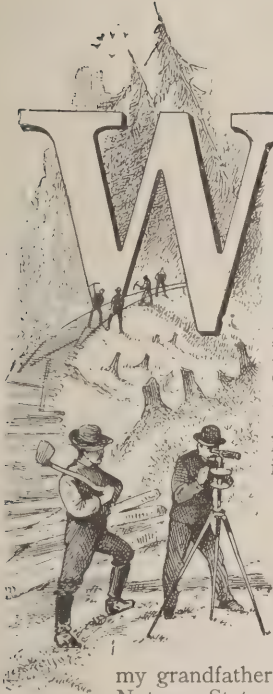
# ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
Title, . . . . .	I
Three Favorite Lake Resorts, . . . . .	10
Fountain Spring Hotel, Waukesha, . . . . .	11
Bidwell House, Palmyra, Wis., . . . . .	13
The City of Madison, . . . . .	14
Vita Park, Beaver Dam, Wis., . . . . .	15
Below the Dells, . . . . .	18
Glimpses in the Dells, . . . . .	20
Stand Rock, . . . . .	21
Moonlight in the Dells, . . . . .	22
Rocks in Juneau and Adams Counties, Wis., . . . . .	25
Trout Falls, Sparta, . . . . .	26
Turkey River Junction, . . . . .	28
On the Upper Mississippi, . . . . .	32
View below Winona, . . . . .	33
Short Line Bridge over the Mississippi, . . . . .	36
Minnehaha Falls, . . . . .	38
Lake Calhoun, . . . . .	39
St. Louis Hotel, Lake Minnetonka, . . . . .	41
Hotel at Minnetonka Park, . . . . .	42
Sketches near Ashland, . . . . .	45
A Glimpse of Bad River, . . . . .	47



## NOTE I.

BEING MAINLY INTRODUCTORY.



WHEN I was a boy—a very small boy—my grandfather pointed out a spot one day in the centre of a growing city of Western New-York, and remarked:

"Right there is the place where my log house stood, in the clearing I made when I came West."

Oh! if he had only held on to that clearing!

But he didn't.

His old wheat field is now covered with brick, stone and iron palaces of traffic.

There came a turn in the tide of

my grandfather's affairs in the old Nutmeg State, that must have been of a most decisive nature, for it induced him to bid good-bye to the assembled congregation of neighbors, who were full of dismal predictions, and whipping up his ox team, set his face toward the far West of the Genesee.

My father drove the oxen and hunted for the family camp, across the length of the two States, and helped, at the end of a month, to fell the logs for one of the first cabins in the new town.

The fame of Genesee wheat brought settlers rapidly, and mills sprang up along the high banks of the river.

Then DeWitt Clinton's "big ditch" passed through the place, and when the cannon, planted at intervals along its banks, roared out the announcement of the flowing of the waters into its channel, my father's eldest brother turned his back upon the remnant of the clearing, and "went West" to the wilds of Ohio.

Not many years later the New-York Central Railroad sent its big-stacked, wood-burning locomotives through the young city, and another uncle of mine, feeling crowded, perhaps, anticipated the epigrammatic advice of the sage of Chappaqua, and "went West," being hopelessly lost to the family, across the prairies of Illinois, where he soon took a lively hand in affairs of the

new frontier town of Chicago, but finally, alas! staked his faith on Cairo.

This bit of family history is here set down as explanatory of the impulse that sent me, in the bountiful year of our Lord 1880, in search of the West. I simply obeyed family instinct, when, over-tired with the insipidity of Eastern summer life at the sea-shore and in the mountains, I sought the rejuvenating influences of "fresh fields and pastures new." I sought the West, indeed, but bless you! I can only record the manner in which I did *not* find it.

It may have been chance, but I call it "manifest destiny," that brought me face to face in Chicago with an old friend in the transportation line of another region, who now stood dutifully pointing new comers to the fields, crags and lakes of what he was pleased to call the "Golden Northwest," oblivious of the fact that, although its people have certainly found the land golded in returns, there is no longer a "West" nor a "Northwest." We of the East have absorbed it. Has it not grown rich and particular about what it shall eat, and fashionable in its vesture, and does it not demand the very best we have, or that Europe has to sell, wherewith to embellish the homes it has made in its flowery meads and beside its purling streams?

Yes! the day is here when the rancher who herds his stock upon the banks of the Missouri, talks of "going West," and never gets there. From the era when the Romans invaded Gaul—aye, from ages before, people have been "going West," hunting an *ignis fatuus* which is always still further toward the evening sun, and very speedily the man who still has an attack of the "Western fever," must bid adieu to the Pacific sands, and trim his sails for the Flowery Orient, where, let us hope, he will meet with a better reception than has his almond-eyed prototype who has "come East."

Under the pilotage of my transportation companion I left Chicago, and soon became involved in the interminable meshes of a net-work of railways, covering the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota. It was in vain that I reminded myself, that, like the youth in "Excelsior," I had a "mission."



As the summer weeks passed by, resolution weakened, until—like Goths in Rome, though I came to conquer—the luxuries besetting my Westward way overcame me; and, while these pages may admit a defeat of hereditary instinct, they will, at least, record an experience well worth the telling.

Now, if it is not good for man to be alone in matters domestic, it certainly is not while traveling.

In the smoking-car, the parlor-coach, or upon the deck of a steamship, some natures will gravitate toward each other, through mutual sympathies awakened by admiration of passing scenes, and no true tourist need be long alone among his fellow travelers.

Many warm and enduring friendships spring from the germ of some chance note of admiration.

As Falstaff remarked, "Discretion is the better part of valor;" and so, too, the better part of travel is good company.

Of what use, indeed, is the contemplation of the magnificence of Nature, if one may not give verbal expression to his sensations, in fair exchange for the hosannas of praise uttered by a kindred soul at one's elbow?

Upon this principle, the transportation man and the writer took unto themselves a third explorer, and a Triumvirate was formed. Its members will be known herein, respectively, as the Statistician, the Man-in-search-of-the-West, and the Prince of Bohemia. The first, so called because he fairly demonstrated to us that we could see more to the mile, have more fun to the hour, and spend less cash to the week, in traveling 2000 miles in thirty days, over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, than upon any other route in the Republic. Knowing he had been there, and would not lie about a little thing like that, we homologated. The second was thus christened for reasons already set forth,

and the third, because, being a good Bohemian, born to itinerant literary still-hunting, he was always ready to start upon any trail suggested.

And thus our Triumvirate started for what our Statistician still persisted in calling the "great Northwest."

Leaving Chicago by rail is somewhat akin to starting upon a sea voyage from some grand roadstead. The boundless spread of the level prairie, dotted at first upon every side with suburban homes, which stand like flowery islets guarding a harbor, bears out the simile.

In harvest-time, the summer gusts pass slowly across the grand reaches of yellow and russet grain, swaying the tasselled wheatheads in great billows, that wash the steel pathway along which we speed.

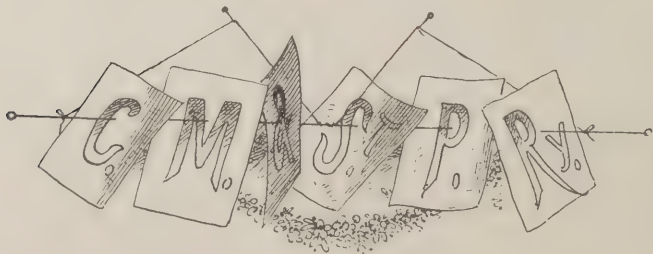
And then, when fairly "out of port," how the surface begins to swell and heave in great far-reaching hills, that seem higher and broader as we ride northward among the farm-lands of Southern Wisconsin!

The features of landscape are very simple and pastoral between Chicago and Milwaukee. Excellent farms line the roadway throughout. It is but a continuation of the prosperous conditions ruling in the great State of Illinois.

A single quaint feature is remembered vividly.

At one of the stations, a genuine old-fashioned wind-mill, with its flour-dusted miller, gives us a glimpse of the low countries, in the midst of all this thrift, in the land and age of steam-propulsion.

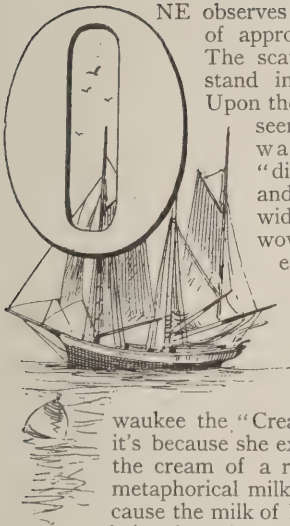
Seated in one of the superb Parlor cars of the Road above named, and whirled along over its smooth steel-rail track, one scarcely takes a note of time or space, while the Express train is doing the 85 miles intervening between Chicago and the Cream City of the Northwest, until the spires and elevators of Milwaukee come into view.





## NOTE II.

WHICH REFERS TO MILWAUKEE.



NE observes many premonitions of approach to Milwaukee. The scattered farm houses stand in closer proximity. Upon the right, glimpses are seen of the blue lake waters, through the "dimples of the hills," and ahead there is a wide vista of tracks woven into and across each other, which denote, more than any other feature, the vicinage of a large mercantile city.

They call Milwaukee the "Cream City." Perhaps it's because she expects to always get the cream of a region flowing with metaphorical milk and honey; or because the milk of human kindness existing here has never been skimmed; or in reference to the creamy froth of her world-famed lager. More probably, however, it is in allusion to the light color of the brick employed here. The term strikes me as a little vague. Now, if the city fathers were to find, in the course of time, that it is tiresome to keep on answering the same old conundrum, "Why do you call this place *Cream City*?" and they should come to me for a new name, I would say, "Call it the 'Park City,' or the 'Avenue City,' or the 'Villa City,' or even the 'Bluff City' (no allusion to cards intended): for it has finer shade than Portland; its streets are broad and smooth; its homes are exceedingly beautiful, and it caps the highlands of the western shore."

Milwaukee is laid out in squares with almost as much regularity as Philadelphia. Down about her winding little river, the streets take a crook now and then, and the new comer may get mixed up among the lumber piles and elevators. Street-car lines are numerous and take the visitor to any part of town.

A resident said to me, "The first glimpse I had of Milwaukee was upon a dismal and rainy day. I didn't stop over, as I had intended doing, but went on to St. Paul. I looked out of the window and saw a big lot of schooners and rows of elevators, some breweries and machine shops, and what looked through the fog like a small town

on the flats, and I said, 'I guess, one of these days this point will grow into a lively sort of town,' but when I was coming back I had a moment's sight of the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, as the train passed through, and then of the handsome part of the city upon the hill overlooking the lake, and I concluded to take it in for a day. I had a 'bang-up' breakfast at the depot, and then calling a hackman, I told him to show me the town. Well, I reckon I must have traveled about twenty miles around the city, and away up on the Lake Shore road. The day was superb. The streets looked so clean and cool, the houses so pretty, and the folks so active everywhere, that, by the time night came, I thought to myself, 'I'm going to come here and live; this just suits me.' That was about seven years ago, and things are a good deal nicer now than they were then. Have you been in to see the new Chamber of Commerce? Well, good day, drop in at the store any time."

There was a whole sermon in my friend's words, and a good moral: Don't go out to visit a city upon a rainy day. The garden of Eden itself, in a northeaster, would have looked so dreary, that the average son of Adam would rather have stayed around outside under shelter of the stone wall!

If you should happen along upon a bright sunshiny day of any month of the year, and haven't seen the Cream City in the previous course of experience, by all means take the time to do so, or you will have occasion to regret another of the mistakes for which you are famous.

If there is any one quality in which the writer shines pre-eminently it is in that of abundant good intentions. In the various peregrinations of the Triumvirate about town, numerous notes were made upon cuffs and the backs of envelopes, but the cuffs were sent to the wash and the envelopes were lost in the depths of numerous unexplored pockets. So it was found much easier to appropriate the following from the Guide-book, than to sort out a mass of facts badly mixed after a week in the city:

"The homes of Milwaukee compare well with the grandest mansions of this or other countries, both in exterior and interior appointments. The spacious parks, beautifully kept, surrounding them, denote culture and wealth. Grand Avenue is thronged with equipages, the great number and superior character of which are quite notable. The drive is delightful, and on we roll until we reach what we would consider the limits of the



city. Here we find large gardens, with well kept lawns and flower-beds, with walks and fountains, furnished with tables and benches, at which refreshments are served. Beyond, where the beautiful flag floats proudly in the gentle breeze, is the National Asylum (Soldiers' Home), one of the grandest monuments to the nation's honor and gratitude. It is our objective point, and we approach it with considerable curiosity. Passing through a rustic gate we enter a park of several hundred acres, with natural hills and vales, a miniature lake, and beautiful drives in every direction. On an eminence stands the 'Home,' a stately building of splendid architecture and magnificent proportions. Visitors being admitted during certain hours of the day, we conclude to avail ourselves of the privilege, and, after entering our names on a register, are politely conducted through the spacious halls into the dining-room, library, etc., and, upon request, are shown some of the rooms of the inmates. They are carpeted, and, although plain, very comfortably furnished, and scrupulously clean. Our guide readily gives every information, and from him we learn that from six to eight hundred veterans are constantly at the 'Home.' It is their *Home* in the fullest sense of the word; everything belonging to it is theirs, for them to enjoy. Evidence of their appreciation of the Home is furnished in the excellent condition of the drives, the never-ceasing care bestowed upon the lawns and gardens, and the general state of perfection in which every part of the grounds is kept. All this is the work of the soldiers, who delight in the universal admiration of their beautiful domicile by visitors. The day being exceedingly pleasant, they are all outside, quite a number comfortably seated on the large, shady verandah, reading and smoking. They are an interesting group to behold, some wearing uniform, all scarred and bearing other evidence of rough usage, but they appear happy and contented. The explanation of our guide, that these men are incapacitated for work, is hardly necessary; the empty sleeves and amputated limbs, and the presence of so many crutches, denoting this fully, and we cannot but picture to ourselves the misery that must prevail among this brave group but for the establishment of this grand Home. In the pavilion yonder, excellent music is discoursed by the military band, composed of members of the Home, this band and orchestra furnishing regular concerts every pleasant afternoon. Bidding adieu to the Home and our guide, we re-enter our carriage, to complete our inspection of the grounds. Every turn presents new features to admire, the *ensemble* forming one of the most pleasant resorts, quite popular as such with the Milwaukee public.

"Sunset is announced by the firing of a cannon, and we return to our hotel, having spent a most delightful afternoon. The next day is set apart for a drive through the residence portion on the east side, along Prospect Avenue, via the Water Works, where a halt is made, and the State Fish Hatching Establishment visited. Thence our Jehu turns our horses' heads towards Whitefish Bay, over the splendid driving track known as the Lake Shore road, nearly the entire length in

full view of beautiful Lake Michigan, past numerous picnic grounds and summer hotels. At Whitefish Bay the angler is offered an opportunity to cast his line or troll a spoon in waters which never fail to respond. Row and sail boats are on hire, accompanied by experienced fishermen when desired, who give instructions in the art of alluring the finny tribe. A dinner or supper of whitefish is a matter of course, and finer fish, better prepared, was never eaten.

"To the good liver be it said: The *cuisine* throughout this section, at all the hotels and places of resort, is unexceptionable, and equal to the most cultivated tastes. On our return from Whitefish Bay, we pass the celebrated Siloam Springs. The renown of the water has perhaps led us to expect a more pretentious building than the one we find erected over the spring, but we have not come on account of the building; we have heard of the superior properties of the water, a refreshing draught of which is courteously tendered, and which we find very pleasant to the taste. A trip up the Milwaukee River in one of the little pleasure steamers plying regularly between the landing above the dam and Pleasant Valley is very enjoyable, affording a splendid view of the attractive quiet scenery of the stream which plays such an important part in the commercial development of the city."

Above the town, the busy little river finds space between the running of mills to idle for long reaches between wooded and sloping hillsides. The beauty of one of these points is most prettily suggested in the following lines, a fragment of poetic handiwork by Miss Ella Wheeler, whose verses have won for her more than local renown:

Toward even, when the day leans down  
To kiss the upturned face of night,  
Out just beyond the loud-voiced town,  
I know a spot of calm delight.  
Like crimson arrows from a quiver,  
The red rays pierce the waters flowing,  
While we go singing, dreaming, rowing  
To Leuddemman's-On-The-River.

Night falls as in some foreign clime,  
Between the hills that slope and rise  
So dusk the shades, that landing time,  
We could not see each others' eyes,  
We only saw the moonbeams quiver  
Far down upon the stream; that night  
The new moon gave but little light  
By Leuddemman's-On-The-River.

Milwaukee is a beautiful city, indeed, its high location rendering it one of the healthiest in the Union, while the park system of streets (requiring lawns of prescribed width to be laid between the sidewalks and the street), rows of trees on either side of the thoroughfare, extensive gardens and lawns surrounding the superb residences, give it an air of elegance and prosperity seldom equaled. The business part contains many handsome blocks, the general character of the buildings denoting substantiality and permanency. There are several very excellent hotels, strictly first-class in all their appointments, and there is every reason in the world why Milwaukee should have become so popular as a summer resort.

The general offices of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company are located in the



Mitchell building, one of the finest architectural ornaments of the city. From this point the vast system of railroads operated by the Company is managed and directed to the minutest detail.

A visit to the several departments will reveal to the most casual observer the fact that, while everybody is evidently busy, the duties of each individual are so well defined that the routine is as regular as in a metropolitan bank.

To turn our backs upon Milwaukee without some reference to its great lager beer interests would never do. The Prince understood this, and upon the third day of our stay disappeared for a few hours, coming back to us with an expression of joy upon his countenance.

He held in his hand a small piece of paper, which he raised triumphantly.

The other members of the Triumvirate gazed for a moment, and then fell upon each others' necks. Words were vain. There are some moments in this life when the pinions of absolute happiness are unfettered, and man, forgetting that he is only a mortal, revels in perfect bliss of expectation, without a single care for the future. Such a time was the present.

The Prince had exhibited a Season Ticket to a Lager Beer Brewery!

Do you know the unutterable delight of *unlimited free lager*?

That night the Triumvirate slept and dreamed.

Visions of long reaches of winged beer glasses grew and faded in fancy, and showers of pretzels rained from some aerial bakery.

In the morning the Triumvirate boarded an early car and visited a brewery. They went down into the depths of Arctic vaults, groping



THE TRIUMVIRATE HATH A VISION.

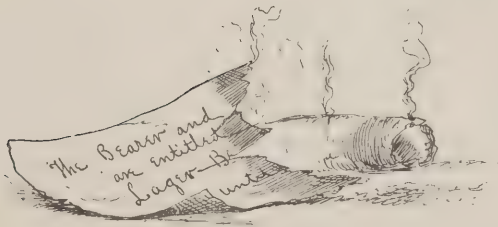
among the great casks full of the beverage of the malt, and climbed above stairs among the intricate apparatus of beer-making. They sampled the amber extract of the hop at various points upon their pilgrimage, and at the end of an hour they went home; that is, to the hotel.

The next day it was suggested that we should visit a lager beer brewery. We went.

And again the day following.

Upon the fourth day the Statistician wanted to light a cigar. Direful mistake! He twisted the precious Season Ticket into a little tube, and when, a moment later, we gazed tearfully upon its ashes, and looked at one another, we said, with one accord:

"Let's go West."





## NOTE III.

THE WISCONSIN LAKE RESORTS,—STOLEN FROM THE GUIDE-BOOK.



**P**EWAUKEE, nineteen miles from Milwaukee is the first of Waukesha County's many famous resorts. There are two hotels—the Oakton Springs and Heath's—the former having a capacity of two hundred, the latter accommodations for fifty guests. Both being built for the special purpose of entertaining summer tourists, and conducted with special reference to their wants, there is probably no choice in the matter of accommodations. The Oakton Springs Hotel fronts on Lake Pewaukee, a beautiful sheet of water, four to five miles long by about one mile in width, called by the aborigines 'Pewaukee-weening,' the meaning of this pretty name being 'Lake of shells,' from the countless beautiful little shells strewn on the sandy beaches. We are much pleased with Pewaukee-wee-ning,—it would seem to require considerable 'wee-ning' to keep us away from Pewaukee after once becoming acquainted with the place. The Hotel accommodations are first-class; the lake is a perfect gem; sail and row boats are on hire at the boat-house, where line and bait are always to be had.

"Finer camping-grounds are found nowhere

in the entire Northwest, and none are more popular. The 'Lady of the Lake,' a beautiful double-decker, with accommodations for one hundred and twenty passengers, makes regular excursions on the lake, stopping at every point of interest.

"A moonlight excursion on the lake by steamer will always be remembered with great pleasure. Nothing can be more enjoyable than a dance on the deck of a staunch steamer. The drives from Pewaukee lead through a charming and interesting country, over well kept hard roads, excellent turnouts being procured at reasonable prices. When not engaged in legitimate pur-

suits of a watering-place, we can spend a pleasant hour at the bowling alley or billiards. Grotto Rock, one-half mile south of Oakton Springs, furnishes food for study of the wonderful freaks of Nature.

"Sportsmen coming in the fall will find the best of shooting, there being a great variety of game—canvas-back, mallard, teal and wood-duck, woodcock, snipe and pheasants.

"Lakeside is located on the opposite shore from Pewaukee. We intend to ride it out on the superb steel track, however, although the stops be often and the conductor's courtesy in furnishing stop-over checks frequently requested. For the benefit of those not familiar with the stop-over check system in vogue on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, it is explained that the ticket is taken up when the first stop-over is given. This is good for fifteen days, and if not used within that time, another check can be obtained again good for another half-month, and so on *ad infinitum*, a new check being given at every stop, reading from stopping-off point to destination.

"Lakeside is a family retreat, popular on account of its quiet location. An excellent hotel, on the cottage plan, affords accommodations for two hundred guests, rooms and table being first-class. Beautiful grounds surround these cottages, charmingly located a short distance from



Lake Pewaukee, the grounds gently sloping to the lake. The surrounding country is very attractive, hills, forests and lakes combining to make a landscape of surpassing beauty. In addition to Pewaukee Lake, three others are accessible in an hour's drive: Pine Lake (3 by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles); Beaver Lake (1 by  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile); and North Lake (2 by 1 miles); the water of all these lakes is literally alive with pike, pickerel, perch and bass. Fine billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys and choice croquet-grounds furnish diversity of enjoyment; row, sail and steamboats are on hire at reasonable charges, lines and minnows being furnished at the cottages.

"A short jaunt of three and one-half miles on the railroad lands us at

#### "HARTLAND.

"We find a pleasant, neat village of some five hundred inhabitants, located in the beautiful Bark River valley. Hartland is the centre at which tourists gather, and from which they scatter to Lakeside and the resorts on Pine, North and Beaver Lakes and Lake Keesau. Many elegant residences are noted here, owned by citizens of Milwaukee, Chicago and other places. One drive leads us to Sands' Villa, on the eastern side of Pine Lake, about a mile and a half from Hartland. This villa is one of the finest private residences we have met, situated in superb grounds, in which a deer-park, containing a large number of native hart and roe, forms a prominent and attractive feature. A pretty steam yacht on the lake is ever ready for the accommodation of friends and visitors. Proceeding north, we come upon many more elegant residences, among them Inter-Lachen, the wondrously beautiful and well-known establishment of Dr. Leuthstrom. We pass, between Pine and Beaver Lakes, the elegant mansion of Mrs. Scoville, known as 'Summer Home,' overlooking Beaver Lake, arranged, finished and furnished with special reference to enjoyment of families and invalids, accustomed to elegance, and at reasonable rates; thence proceeding to North Lake. Here is another remarkable attraction in a mineral spring, which has recently gained much notoriety, accidentally discovered on the ground of Mr. B. B. Hopkins, who owns an elegant mansion on this lake, and is just the gentleman whom everybody is happy to meet and sorry to part with. The water of the spring is claimed to possess the same curative properties which have made the Manitou Springs of Colorado so famous.

"The next day finds us at

#### "NASHOTAH.

"Nashotah itself offers little or no attractions, being merely a railway station, of little note as such. But being located in the centre of the wonderful lake system of Waukesha County, and the *entrepot* for visitors to Nashotah Mission, Delafield, and the celebrated Nemahbin Springs, every arriving train brings numbers of tourists.

"A drive to Nashotah Mission, the theological

seminary of wide repute, which has sprung from the 'Mission' established for the conversion of the *noble* (?) red man, dominant in these parts scarce forty years ago, is very interesting. The 'Mission' is situated in a most charming spot, on the northern one of the twin Nashotah Lakes, in a heavily wooded country, surrounded by lofty hills and picturesque ravines. From here different drives diverge. We pay a visit to Nemahbin Lakes, two lakes connected together, in the lower one of which Sugar Island suggests picnics. A number of smaller lakes are in the immediate vicinity, concealed among the abrupt bluffs and thickly-timbered hills, the landscape being beautiful throughout. Yonder rises Government Hill, which we have been particularly admonished to visit. The drive there alone is well worth the time, winding through heavily wooded hills, the most prominent of which is our objective point. The rise is gradual, and on reaching the summit the grandest panorama is opened before our fascinated vision. As far as the eye reaches in either direction the scenery is beautiful beyond comparison. We count twenty-six lakes, the two Nemahbins and Nagawicka connected by the Bark River, while to the Northwest the grandest chain of lakes is presented to view—Pine, Beaver, Okauchee, Oconomowoc, Fowler's Lakes and Lac La Belle, linked together by Oconomowoc River. This is the most extensive of the several 'chains.' Isolated lakes, creeks and streams are seen in every direction. The surface of the country is picturesque in the highest degree, the most vivid imagination being unable to produce a landscape of more varied charms.

#### "DELAFIELD

Is chiefly noted through the famous Nemahbin Springs located here. But the attractions are not confined to invalids only. The general tourist, the sportsman, every lover of Nature will find enough here to admire and to render his sojourn pleasant. There are no finer drives anywhere; beautiful promenades invite the visitor, the opportunities for rowing and sailing on the crystal waters of the lakes and rivers are unlimited, fishing is unsurpassed, Lake Nagawicka particularly proving all that is claimed for it.

#### "GIFFORD'S

Is the next resort on the 'Tourist's Route,' as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is appropriately called. Gifford's is one of the most charming places in the Northwest, enchantingly located on the banks of Oconomowoc Lake, but three minutes' walk from Gifford Station. An extensive grove of forest trees, one hundred acres of upland and lowland, hills and dales, lawns and meadows and romantic rambles belong to the premises, while the magnificent scenery, in the centre of which it is located, with its many pleasant drives, excellent roads, wonderful springs, elevated location, and the facilities for all kinds of aquatic sport, fishing, billiards, rowing, bowling, etc., render it a perfect gem.





THREE FAVORITE LAKE RESORTS.



"The distance to Oconomowoc is only a mile and a half, the guests at the two points making frequent visits to each other. One of the most charming sights is had from the lake every pleasant evening, when the large verandah and the dancing pavilion are lighted with Chinese lanterns, etc. Music is furnished by the well-known Bach band, of Milwaukee. It is impossible to recommend any one special point of the great number one will visit on a trip to St. Paul, such as we are taking. They are all attractive, each having its peculiar charms, but it is safe to say that none surpass Gifford's, the centrality of its location causing many of the regular visitors to Waukesha County to select it as their place of residence during their stay in this lake country."

And just here the writer desires to obtrude his personality, begging the Guide-book's pardon for elbowing it out for a moment.

A summer of varied experiences, embracing the coast and mountain scenes of New England,

but wait a bit! here's an exception. You've heard of Waukesha, of course?

"Its about twenty-one miles west of Milwaukee; but we may reach it from Oconomowoc, across country instead of going back to the Junction and taking the rail. A four-in-hand coach, one of a regular line, will whisk us over there in lively style, passing the notable elevation known as Government Hill *en route*."

"SPRINGS! *springs*, my boy, is the feature at Waukesha. Ten of 'em at least, the Bethesda, Silurian, Fountain, Hygeia, Waukesha Mineral Rock Spring, and others, almost as well known, all good for kidney, stomach and liver diseases. The water strengthens and purifies the blood. It is shipped all over the world. You drink the water, or take baths, or do both, according to your particular form of complaint. Leading physicians send patients here from all sections of the country."

"Waukesha has a population of about four thou-



FOUNTAIN SPRING HOTEL, WAUKESHA.

Canada and the Middle States, with the inland lakes and rivers, was nearly done, when I first saw Gifford's, and now, out of all the mixed memories of places where tourists "most do congregate," this pretty, unpretentious place, and the hearty, genial form of George Gifford, stand out in strong relief, and console me in looking toward another season, for the present winds that howl, and snow-drifts that heap themselves without, as these lines are written.

#### "WAUKESHA.

"A very wise philosopher was once struck with the singular fact that somehow all the largest streams happen to flow close by the biggest towns, sometimes winding far out of their way to accomplish this, and after we had been for some days in the Oconomowoc region, were impressed, in a similar manner, with the idea that a lake couldn't exist here unless it was close to a village, or that a watering-place would droop without its lake;

sand. It is set in a beautiful, wooded, rolling region, and is very accessible. It is well supplied with hotels, of which the magnificent Fountain Spring Hotel is the largest, having ample accommodations for six hundred guests.

"It is a popular plan with many parties to make Waukesha a base of operations, excursions being made from there by carriage to the lakes, or by rail to any part of the West.

"While the size of the place is not too large to afford the quiet and pastoral habits which Nature demands of those who seek for rest, the facilities for diversion are not exceeded by any watering-place in the land.

"Returning to the main line, and continuing from Gifford's, we reach, either by rail or by driving a mile and a half, the now famous

#### "OCONOMOWOC,

Which we have thus far studiously avoided, although our drives have brought us within sight



of it a number of times, our aim being to enjoy each place and its immediate surroundings by itself, and to explore thoroughly, with headquarters conveniently near, the whole region. Tourists generally select either of the places named for headquarters during their entire stay in the county, making daily excursions to the different localities and points of interest, but we can recommend the nomadic mode adopted by ourselves.

"Nothing can surpass the charming location of Oconomowoc, and the most glowing descriptions of it and its surroundings will ever fail to do it justice. Rural poets go into ecstasies over its beauties, giving evidence of the possibilities to which the unrestrained use of superlatives may be carried; the most acrobatic feats in journalism are chargeable to Oconomowoc. These, the calm and disinterested reader will benignly smile upon as attributable to the rising tendencies of the thermometer, but to those who have been here and who understand the beauties of this delightful spot, these manifestations seem less extravagant, and they will readily excuse the perpetrator. There is so much here to inspire, that we involuntarily feel a desire to communicate our impressions, to render which, and to do justice to the subject, we find language inadequate. The isthmus between Lac La Belle and Fowler's Lake will ever form the centre of attraction for thousands of tourists, and happy they who can come here every year! Beautiful Lac La Belle! Its pretty name leads to expectations of rare beauties, but our imagination had not pictured such a combination of loveliness and grandeur. Countless sail and rowboats, with their gay occupants, numerous elegant steam yachts, plow the waters of this most favorite of lakes at all times, the air resounding with the merry voices of the happy occupants. The beautifully-shaded islands harbor picnic parties, while the shore, gently rising from the water, adorned with pretty houses and fine grounds, with here and there a tent, lends a frame worthy of the picture. Judge Small's fine resort, and Draper Hall, both favorite hotels, are located on this lake.

"La Belle is one of the largest lakes here, covering two and a half square miles. It is connected with Fowler's Lake, the most prominent feature, on whose pretty shore is the well-known Townsend House. All the hotels at Oconomowoc—there are quite a number, and they are all good—are located on the banks of one or the other of the lakes, and provided with a bath-house each. In addition, there are a number of first-class boarding-houses, and, in all, accommodations for about one thousand visitors. A beautiful drive leads to Okauchee Lake, another sheet of water, which would be prized by the quart in many localities, although it covers sixteen hundred acres. There is much to admire in the scenery at this lake, and you will find commodious and excellent hotels on its shores to meet the wants of tourists who come here for the excellent bass and muskallonge fishing. Numerous private residences are already erected and many more projected. This fact speaks better for this wonderful lake region of Wisconsin than volumes of argument, since expensive houses, to be used during a few

months of the year only, are never built except in highly favored localities.

"A drive south from Oconomowoc to Dousman's artificial trout pond, some eight miles distant, reached via the ancient mounds, Silver, Otis, Duck and Genesee Lakes, and several smaller ones, through a most picturesque country, will prove of special interest to every lover of the rod and line, and not less so to the lover of well-prepared trout, visitors catching their own fish, which are prepared for them at the farm at moderate charge.

"Mention of the drives in the surrounding country has been made in several instances, but too much cannot be said in their favor, and it is no exaggeration to state that they compare favorably with the choicest drives of which the larger cities boast. In all these drives the visitor will fail to find a single poor team, Oconomowoc particularly boasting of a very superior class of livery. When we then realize that within a radius of nine miles there are forty-one of these charming lakes, a number of which we have described, that mineral springs are found in every direction, that the scenery is of surpassing beauty, we must concede to Oconomowoc the claim of being a grand resort for the enjoyment of Nature, combined with the luxuries and comforts produced by modern civilization. The lakes are all of pure, cool water, with pebbly shores, grassy, dry banks, and of great depth. They are literally alive with fish—pickerel, black, green and rock bass, perch and muskallonge. Two hundred thousand whitefish were planted in Nagawicka Lake from the Milwaukee hatchery in 1877, which are doing well. The fishing at all the lakes is done with minnows, the catching of which forms a regular business.

"Of the mineral springs in the immediate vicinity of Oconomowoc we have visited but few, they being the La Belle Springs, Draper's Flowing Magnesia Springs, Hitchcock's Medicinal Springs, and the famous Minnewoc Springs near Gifford's. These have been analyzed, and are claimed to be equal to any found in this region. Croquet-grounds are found at every hotel and boarding-house, while of churches we remember a Congregational, Methodist, Catholic, German Methodist, and German Lutheran. The climate of this section is genial and wonderfully invigorating, owing to its high location, some 400 feet above Lake Michigan; the nights are always delightfully cool and refreshing, and there is a gratifying absence of mosquitoes and other 'pests of life' peculiar to the season. The sportsman in quest of a plenty of game will find duck, woodcock, snipe, and other varieties in abundance. There is a diversity of sports and pastimes which is practically unlimited, and we enjoy every luxury and every sport to our heart's content.

"In the mention of the group of resorts in the 'Lake Region,' Palmyra claims a place. It is a pretty little city of some four thousand residents, located twenty-one miles west of Waukesha, and twice that distance from Milwaukee. The same rounded hills, wooded slopes, purling streams and smiling fields we meet with elsewhere in this region greet the eye here. It has among its attractions, a *bijou* lake, several thermal and





BIDWELL HOUSE, PALMYRA, WIS.

mineral springs, and a large and excellent hotel—the Bidwell House.

“Leaving Oconomowoc, the next place of importance is Watertown, a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, located on both sides of the Rock River, to the excellent water-power of which it owes its rapid growth and present prosperity. We pass in succession the thriving towns of Richwood, Columbus, Fall River, etc., reaching Portage City for supper. The trip between Oconomowoc and this point leads through one of the most fertile sections of the rich Badger State, and is enjoyable in every respect, the beautiful road-bed, the elegance and comfort of

the coaches contributing materially to our pleasure as we glide along. At Portage, twenty-five minutes are devoted to a splendid supper, not excelled at any railway eating-house in the world, and to this you may be sure we do full justice.

“After leaving Portage, the hitherto quiet scenery begins to change—rocky formations appear, and we are informed that in thirty minutes we shall be at Kilbourn City, our next objective point. To our left a river winds its crooked course; we admire its scenery from the car window, and we have a foretaste of the Dells themselves, in the queer masses of detached rock that dot the swift and limpid Wisconsin.”



## NOTE IV.

A CAPITAL AND AN EL DORADO.

M

ADISON—the Capital City of Wisconsin, also

known as the Lake City, from its romantic situation between four lakes, is one of Nature's pets. She has adorned her darling child with many of her choicest ornaments, and enriched her with manifold blessings. She has set four crystal basins at her feet, that she may bathe; raised graceful bluffs for a throne, on which she may sit and view the surrounding fields, and her own charming proportions; and crowned her with the glory of sunsets, rivaled only by Italian skies. These sunsets have been partially portrayed by the famous, Mormon, and other well-known artists, brought thither by the o'er true tales of Madison's natural attractions.

Without doubt, Nature has done more for Madison than for almost any other city in the United States. The "University Drive," that leads along the shores of Lake Mendota and thro' shadowy woods, and up to the "Observatory Hill" is all that lovers could desire for romance, or artists for beauty.

The larger drive about Lake Monona, and to "Nine Springs," and the "Fish Hatchery," are both pleasant and full of interest to summer tourists.

The Mineral Springs at "Ton-ya-wath-a," where Dr. Jacobs has erected his charming and commodious summer hotel, are accessible by the steamer which plies between that point and the city, hourly; by a five mile drive about Lake Monona, or by sail and row boats, which abound. Excellent hotel accommodations in the city are to be obtained at the Park, Vilas and Capitol Houses; and railroad connections to other points of interest in the State—the "Dells," "Devil's Lake," etc.—are most convenient. Fish and game abound for the lovers of these sports, and altogether, Madison unites in a rare degree the

pleasures of the country and the benefits of the city—the beautiful in Nature and the necessary in Art.

For the intellectually-inclined, its Free Library with its ten thousand volumes, Historical Library with its ninety thousand, and its University with its twelve thousand, furnish a rare treat.

## BEAVER DAM.

Sixty-three miles west of Milwaukee, on the Northern Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, is the delightful little city of Beaver Dam. It is situated on the shore of Beaver Lake, and in an agricultural region of surpassing beauty. As you leave the Cream City on the iron pathway of the St. Paul Railway, you glide swiftly through groves of ash and maple, the well-tilled farms, and bright little villages of Hartford, Iron Ridge, and Horicon, and in less than three hours reach the platform of this thriving city and charming summer resort.

There is an appearance of prosperity in the streets, and about the cheerful-looking homes. The woolen mills and manufacturing establishments give employment to a large number of residents, who live in comfort and enjoyment with their families in cosy homes. The streets are neatly kept, and many of them are of rare beauty. Few cities have a finer class of pleasant residences and lovely cottages. Park Avenue is the admiration of all visitors, who are charmed with the velvet lawns, the perfect shade trees, the flower-gardens, and the plashing fountains. Here the weary invalid and the seeker for health





VITA PARK, BEAVER DAM, WIS.

and pleasure find a grateful refuge in the bracing air and delightful scenes of Central Wisconsin.

To the lovers of boating or fishing there are rare attractions in Beaver Lake, which is the largest of a chain of sparkling lakes—consisting, besides this, of Lakes Emily, Maria, and Fox Lake.

The country around Beaver Dam affords some of the pleasantest drives over smooth roads through woodland or prairie. In the vicinity are some of the finest farm establishments of the West. On the Fox Lake road is the highly cultivated farm of Hon. S. D. Burchard; four miles north of Beaver Dam, on the Waupun road, is the Hambletonian stock farm of Mr. William Bonner—brother of Robert Bonner, Esq., of the *New-York Ledger*,—six miles east is the famous Spring Brook farm, owned by H. B. Sherman, Esq., late proprietor of the Plankinton House, of Milwaukee. The entire country around is full of interest to the lovers of the beautiful in Nature, and whether you go eastward toward Horicon, or West toward Columbus, or South through the grand forests of Lowell, there is a pleasing variety of scenery, and new life and vigor to the traveler.

The recent discovery of the

#### VITA MINERAL SPRING,

possessing unexcelled medicinal properties, lends an additional charm to this beautiful region, and gives to Beaver Dam a rightful place among the

most attractive and healthful of summer resorts. Dr. G. E. Swan, Mayor of the city, discovered this spring in June, 1879, and found by actual tests and experiments that its sweet and crystal water was a remedy long desired for kidney diseases and rheumatic pains. Many of the residents of Beaver Dam, and those who spent the summers of 1880 and 1881 here, testify to the remarkable curative properties of this spring. Dr. Swan has numerous orders from abroad and is shipping large quantities of the Vita Water to parties in the East and South, and its popularity is constantly increasing.

#### VITA PARK.

The elegant Park of twelve acres surrounding the Vita Mineral Spring is a perfect gem of beauty, and awakens the admiration of all its visitors. Dr. Swan has fitted up these grounds regardless of expense, and thrown them open freely for the benefit of all who come to drink of the life-giving waters. Skillful architects and landscape gardeners have been employed, and already large sums have been expended in making this park the most picturesque and delightful place of the kind in the Northwest. As you enter the Northeast gate, which by sliding upward forms a grand archway, rich in wood-work carving, and ornamental tracery, you get a fine view of the entire grounds. Passing along by grass plots and

flower-gardens to the sparkling lakes, and rustic boat-house, you come to the grand Pavilion which is erected over the Vita Spring. This gorgeous structure is the finest pavilion in the Northwest *and rivals* that of the Congress Spring at Saratoga. The spring bubbles up and pours out its flowing treasures of the sweetest and purest water into a marble basin, from whence it flows into a series of lakes that add greatly to the attractions of the park. The dipper-boy at the counter waits upon the visitors in true Saratoga style, and as you wander through these enchanting grounds, and admire the exquisite taste and beauty of Vita Park you almost fancy that you are in Fairmount or in Central Park. Here are conservatories of choice plants and flowers, a complete bathing establishment where many afflicted with rheumatism and kindred diseases have found relief, then the Laboratory where the water is barreled, the music pavilion and engine-house, and pretty boats, and smooth lawns, and fountains, which conspire to

make this once famous Indian resort a most attractive summer home for health, and comfort, and pleasure.

#### VITA PARK HOTEL.

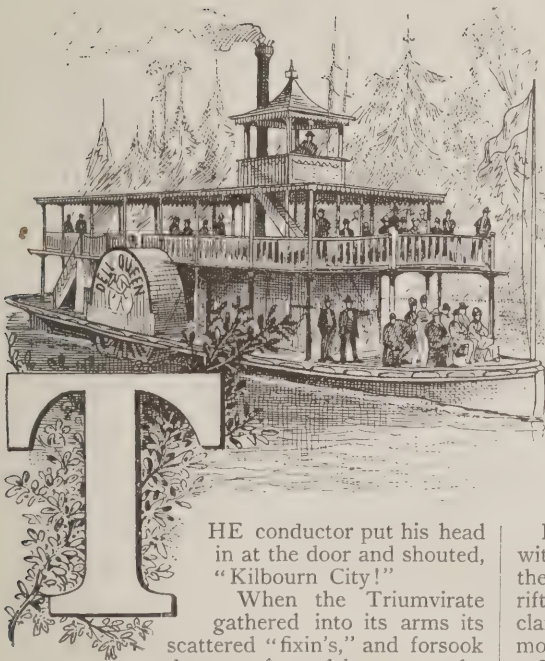
The large and beautiful hotel on the Western side of Vita Park is specially built for the entertainment of summer visitors. It is four stories high, with a French roof and towers. Two wide verandahs surround the building, and there are large and comfortable guest-chambers, wide and airy halls, open fire-places and all the modern improvements for comfort and health. It will accommodate over a hundred guests. Here is a delightful place to spend the summer. The spacious grounds and cooling shade invite rest and refreshment for the weary invalid and the seeker for health and strength. Those who desire a suite of rooms should apply early to Dr. G. E. Swan, Proprietor, etc., Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.





## NOTE V.

## THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN.



THE conductor put his head in at the door and shouted, "Kilbourn City!" When the *Triumvirate* gathered into its arms its scattered "fixin's," and forsook the comfortable car at the station, it was with a feeling of profound thankfulness that its members were assailed neither upon the right nor left by that particular demon of American wonder-places, the ubiquitous and enterprising hackman.

Kilbourn City and its Dells are as yet so new upon the list of touring points, that even the voluble and pertinacious brotherhood of the whip has failed to discover them. The porter of the Finch House takes our baggage, as a matter of course,—for where else should we go? The Finch is *the* hotel of the place; and presently, as we are whisked in the open wagon, up through the broad street, the genial Finch, *in propria persona*, is espied upon his step, waiting with a ready welcome, and it takes but a short time for us to discover that he is one of those very rare fellows whom Nature made to run a hotel.

The Finch House is not a large hotel, and must soon give way to a more pretentious structure, which will have a more imposing front, rooms of greater splendor, but will hardly boast of better fare than Finch spreads before his guests.

A feature of Kilbourn City is Bennett's Photographic Gallery, a few doors from the hotel.

Mr. H. H. Bennett, an artist by instinct, haunted these Dells for years before they were known to the outside world, and to him, more than any other man, is due the fact of their present increasing fame. He has sought out every coigne of vantage; and, planting his tripod, has captured the plenteous beauties of their depths in leafy June and chill December alike, and the visitor may now have his pick from a list of several hundreds of excellent stereoscopic views, to bear away as a souvenir of his experience.

Year after year Mr. Bennett has almost lived in his light boat, paddling into the Dells and exploring the hitherto inaccessible gulches and cañons, by swimming, wading and climbing; giving most of the points of note the pretty and fitting titles they now bear.

It will, likely enough, prove too near evening with you, as it was with the *Triumvirate*, to essay the Dells upon the day of arrival, but there is a rift close by the town through which you may clamber, and whet the edge of adventure for the morrow.

Two members of the *Triumvirate* declined the undertaking, and the Man-in-search-of-the-West departed for Taylor's Glen alone. An obliging youngster piloted the explorer across the school-house common, and started him down the ravine, which seemed but the dry bed of a rivulet. Presently the walls deepened and closed in, compelling a stooping posture, and no little care to avoid bumping the investigator's head upon unsuspected points of rock that projected in the darkness of its crooked recesses.

Beyond this the trail emerges into an open glade, and up to a half hidden stile, such as would have gladdened the heart of Birket Foster. Then it keeps along among the bushes, and upon the side of a wooded hill, close to the margin of a pool, covered with lily-pads,—a place so dark, solemn and silent, in the gathering gloom, that the straggler starts back in alarm, as an equally affrighted waterfowl rises out of the reeds close by, and wings a noisy retreat.

Are we, indeed, in modern Wisconsin, and not in some neglected corner of some old estate of "Merrie England?"



BELOW THE DELLS.

Here you must walk a log, and there cling to a projecting point of rock, and, look out, now! or you'll wet your feet.

Where does this truant pathway lead? Where, indeed, but straight into as black a tunnel-mouth as you'll find among the honey-combed hills of Pennsylvania.

"My kingdom for a candle!"

There was no candle, however, so the echo—that dwells in local fable, at the far end of the tunnel, where it looks out upon the broad river—was left undisturbed.

The "Dell Queen" leaves twice daily from her wharf near the railway bridge upon the tour of the Dells. Take the morning boat, if you don't sleep too late, and so get left. Likewise, take a lunch basket, which Finch will fill for you, pick your spot in the Dells, and stay over until the evening boat comes down.

It should be stated in all fairness that the visitor will find, in the depths of Cold Water Cañon,

a little house devoted to the hungry requirements of improvident visitors, where a good lunch may be had at a very reasonable rate of compensation.

Another happy thought is, take a boat up on the steamer and float down along the smooth tide of the river, stopping at will at the various gulches, caves and glens, to gather ferns, lichens, and the trailing arbutus which grow in such luxuriance here, or to chase unhappy squirrels that have wandered too far along the narrow shelves of rock. And now a secret in your ear. Could you only beguile Bennett, the man of the Dells, into whiling away the day with you, then you *will* be favored indeed.

Before going bodily and visually into the Dells, I wanted to know, as the king did about the apples in the dumplings, "how they came there." So the Statistician figured up that a great many thousand years ago, when the Wees-con-san, came down from the great Lac Vieux desert,



and tired of wandering for hundreds of miles among the pines (from whence its amber hue) of the country of Kittakattakon, as those Euphonists, the aborigines called it, the stream finally wore its way through the great sandstone barrier encountered here, and began the polishing process, that had rounded its buttresses and alcoves into such exquisite lines of beauty.

For further information our sage authority referred us to the guide-book, and as I despair of improving upon the accuracy and brevity of the matter set forth therein, I have cut out some of its pages and pasted them into my note-book.

The guide-book passes lightly over the details of embarkation, and having given us time to bestow ourselves comfortably upon the wide upper deck, plunges *in medias res* as follows:

"The two immense rocks which we are now approaching appear like grim sentinels guarding the entrance to the Dells—the 'Jaws of the Dells'—'High Rock' on the right, with its stunted growth of trees apparently rooting in the solid rock, its rough, strange shape having a decidedly threatening aspect. 'Romance Cliff' is the name of the grand old pile of rocks on the left—a name suggestive of Indian legends, with which this country abounds. It is more stately than High Rock, and is covered with a dense growth of trees and shrubbery. 'Chimney Rock' is one of the singular freaks of Nature formed by the action of the wild waves, left standing for innumerable ages. 'Echo Cove'—Nature's phonograph—repeats our calls in a distinct manner, and would appear a very pleasant place for a quiet retreat and bathing. Yonder dark house on the left is known as the 'Dells House,' formerly 'Allen's Tavern,' and dark as the house now looks are the stories told of it. It was the first habitation in this section, and a safe retreat for men having cause to avoid the law and daylight. Opposite Allen's is 'Chapel Gorge,' deriving its name from the shape of the rock at its entrance, resembling a chapel or place of worship. 'Boat Cave' is passed next, another marvel of the water's action on the sandstone rocks—'Circle Bend,' is the name given the bend in the river about the last-named point. Here the rocks are quite high, washed by the river into a perfect semicircle.

"Here is 'Sturgeon Rock,' a bold projecting mass, deriving its name from the sturgeon which, as the legend has it, here drew into a watery grave the urchin who had succeeded in hooking him from the rock—and now opens before us the wildest, grandest part of the Dells. On the right is the 'Navy Yard,' one of the most picturesque and wonderful formations ever conceived by Nature or the artist's wildest imagination. Closely moored, there seem to lie a row of ships, the prows pointing obliquely up the stream. The masts only are lacking to make the delusion perfect, but they are absent, the Navy Department having overlooked this grand opportunity for investment. How these rocks were formed, how all the other rocks, caves, grottos and gulches were formed, is the wonder of every visitor, and we hear the question asked at every

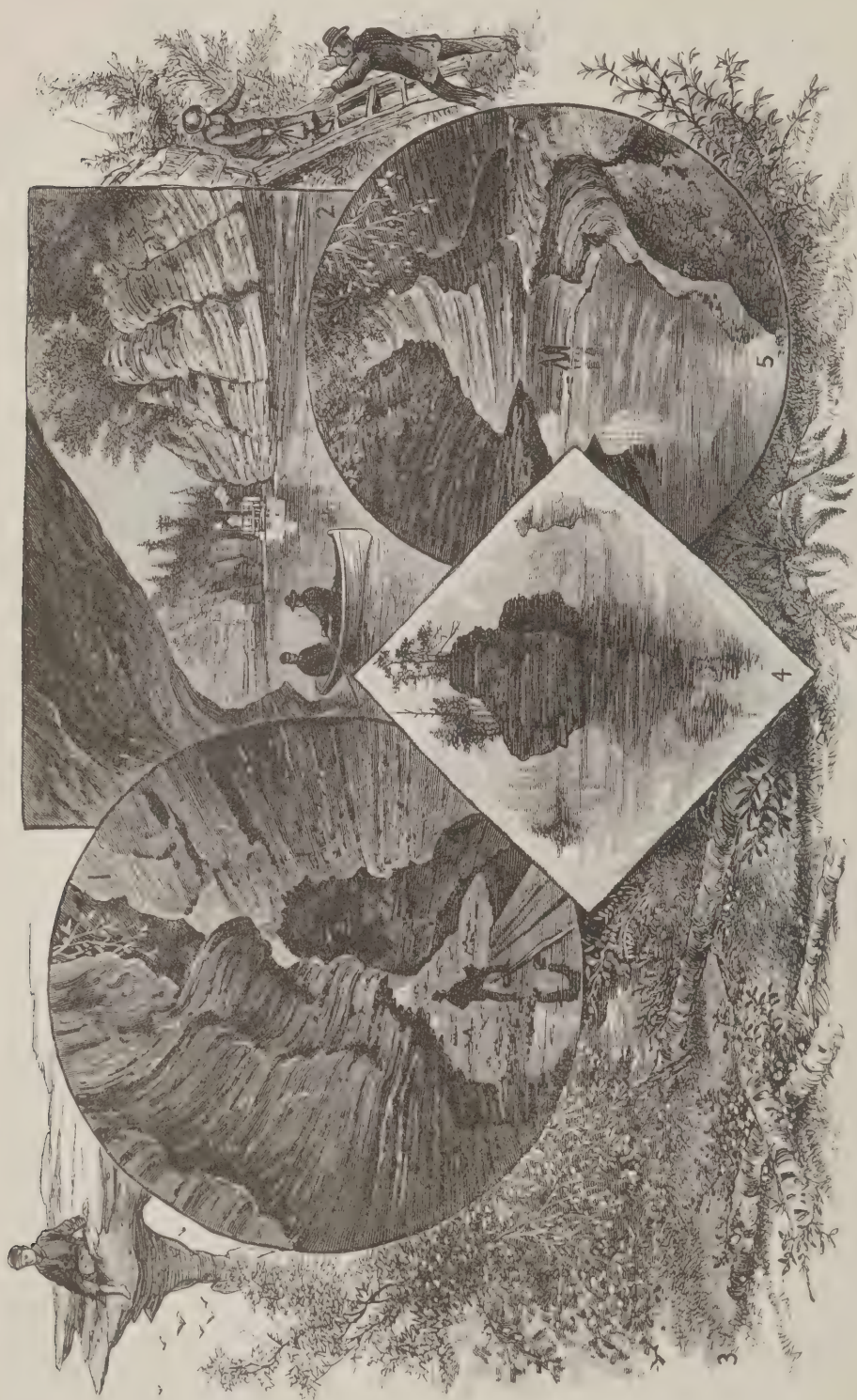
hand, the sage reply that the water shaped them being ever ready.

"How were all those wondrous objects formed among the pond'rous rocks?  
Some primeval grand upheaval shook the land with frequent shocks;  
Caverns yawned and fissures widened; tempests strident filled the air,  
Madly urging foaming surges through the gorges opened there;  
With free motion toward the ocean rolling in impetuous course,  
Rushing, tumbling, crushing, crumbling rocks with their resistless force;  
And the roaring waters, pouring on in ever broad'ning swells.  
Eddying, twirling, seething, whirling, formed the wild Wisconsin Dells."

"Living at a distance, and even when traveling through Kilbourn on the trains, one cannot realize that such grandeur should exist in the ordinarily quiet scenery of Wisconsin, and the above explanation would seem appropriate. On the opposite side of the Navy Yard is 'Eaton Grotto,' a long, deep opening, extending far into the wall of rocks. 'Skylight Cave,' a similar opening just at the head of the Navy Yard, a most delightful place for exploration with a small boat, and Gates' Ravine are next passed, and we now approach the 'Narrows,' the river narrowing to a width of *fifty-two* feet, the water being *one hundred* feet in depth, the river running on edge as it were. The water is placid and calm, but there are times when its force is more than terrific, on one such occasion a bridge which formerly spanned the river at this point having been carried away. At the 'Devil's Elbow' the river makes an almost square turn just at the entrance to the Narrows, and the designation does not seem inappropriate. 'Black Hawk's Cave,' with which a legend of the days of the novelist's noble red man is connected, 'Notch Rock,' the raftsmen's terror, a square boulder on the left, 'Rattlesnake Rock,' 'Artist's Glen,' one of the most beautiful ravines on the river, a delightful picnic ground, 'Sliding Rocks,' so called from their peculiar formation, the sides being oval-shaped and sliding inward, the 'Ancient River Bed,' or sand bank on the left, next claim our attention in the order named.

#### "COLDWATER CAÑON.

"Here the steamer lands, and an opportunity is afforded to view one of the grandest sights among these many attractions. A substantial plank-walk leads into the cañon, a wild and rocky gulch of great depth, semi-subterranean in its nature, the tops of the rocks in some places meeting, shutting out completely the light from above. The walk through this rocky defile is rather difficult, but any ordinary difficulty is readily overcome, every step compensating for whatever trouble one experiences. The passage becomes so narrow in some places that, with outstretched arms, you can readily reach from side to side. Every part of the cañon is highly interesting; we are down in the depths, some one hundred feet below the ground on which Kilbourn City stands, the moist and cool atmosphere forming a decided contrast with the beautiful air outside. The moss and fern-covered rocks, looming up perpendicularly on either side, present all manner of shapes: mysterious forms projecting from the walls, and



GLIMPSES IN THE DELLS.

- 1.—WITCHES' GULCH. 2.—BLACKHAWK'S LEAP. 3.—ENTRANCE TO COLD WATER CAÑON. 4.—THE SUGAR BOWL. 5.—ROOD'S GLEN.



rising in the many niches. Any effort to describe this cañon must fail; pictures do not do it justice, since they represent occasional spots only, while it must be seen in its entirety to be fully understood and appreciated. Some ten minutes' walk leads into a beautiful glade, filled with trees and shrubbery; here there are croquet-grounds and refreshment rooms. The stream which flows down the cañon is dammed up to form trout ponds, and speckled trout, fresh from the brooks, can often be had for lunch, cooked admirably, at reasonable prices.

"From this glade we re-enter the gorge, extending probably half a mile further. Looking up through over-hanging pine boughs, vines and rocky projections, the blue sky can be seen, appearing to rest like a beautifully frescoed ceiling close down upon the top of the rocks. At length, by a mere foot-path of pine logs laid in the bed of the cañon, the visitor reaches a remarkable enlargement at the end of the narrow passageway, which has been christened 'The Devil's Jug.' It is circular in shape, exactly like an ordinary

hewn out of the rocks as if by the hand of man, occupying a commanding position on the summit of a high bluff—'Ruffle Rocks,' which are no more interesting than hundreds of other places not honored by a christening; then 'Steamboat Rock' claims our attention. It stands on an island in a curious circular cove, resembling from some points a huge ocean steamer, minus smoke-stack and wheel-house. Its length is about two hundred and fifty feet, by



STAND ROCK, NEAR KILBOURN CITY.

earthenware jug, having a diameter at the bottom of about fifteen feet, and tapering to a width at the top of about three feet, split in the middle by the cañon. On our way back to the steamer, many new points are admired, not noticed on going in.

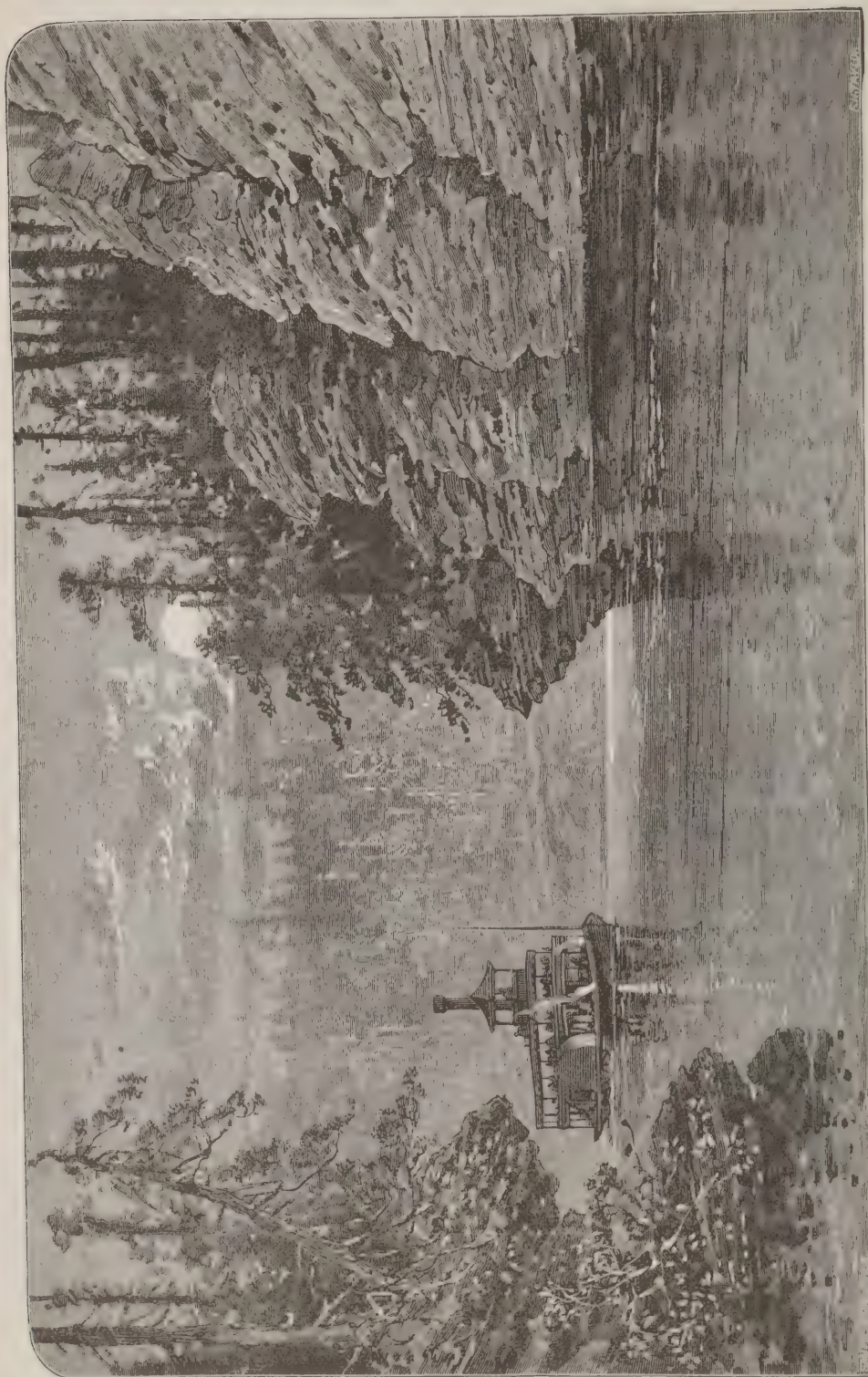
"The 'Dell Queen' proceeds on her journey up the river, her cargo of human freight being as enthusiastic a lot of people as were ever brought together. A short distance from the cañon we come upon the 'Devil's Arm Chair'—on the left as we go up—a comfortable seat

come next to view, and now the steamer prepares for another landing, at

#### "WITCHES' GULCH.

"Almost immediately after leaving the steamer we come to 'Diamond Grotto,' so called from a peculiar opening in the wall of the rock, exactly in the shape of a diamond, as if a window had been cut into it. From this point to the really interesting portion of the gulch, there is a walk of some three hundred yards through the ravine leading thereto. The gulch, when reached, is

one hundred feet wide, and some forty to fifty feet in height, with perpendicular, rugged sides, and covered with trees and shrubbery. 'Rood's Glen,' 'Eagle Point,' 'Arch Cove,' a beautiful spot for picnic parties,



MOONLIGHT IN THE DELLS.



found to be similar in some respects to Coldwater Cañon, but it has even a wilder, more rugged and picturesque appearance. The pathway in some places crosses pools of water twenty feet deep, of a very refreshing coolness even in mid-summer. At other points it winds beneath heavy masses of rock, shutting out the daylight, and dripping with moisture. Much of the rock in this gulch is covered with a delicate mossy film of the brightest green, contrasting vividly with the black, bare rock, the glistening water dripping or running into pools below. At the farthest end of the gulch the visitor enters a dark vault, almost an exact cube, through a very small opening, at the upper end of which a stream flows in, spreading out over a broad, flat ledge, and then falling in a wide sheet of white spray. The vault is very dim, even at noontide, and only by walking through the water to the opposite side, and stretching along one side of the chamber, can a glimpse of the blue sky be caught, far above the rocky reach beyond. 'Phantom Chamber' is one of the grandest features of the Dells. We hear the sound of falling water, but are unable to see much of anything on account of the light being obscured by overhanging rocks. Picking our way carefully over the rocks and the narrow walk beside the brook of clear, cold water flowing through the chamber, we come to a flight of stairs leading over the falls, on reaching the top of which, we pass through a narrow path, which has not inappropriately been called the 'Fat Man's Misery,' the cliffs coming so near together that corpulent persons can pass through with considerable difficulty only. A few steps more bring us to a second ladder, leading over another cascade. Following on for several rods more through this remarkable fissure of rocks, we are

again greeted by broad daylight. Watkins' Glen, Franconia Notch and the many places East, which have commanded so much attention, and drawn so many thousands of visitors annually, *must concede superiority to the Dells*. Nothing on the continent, perhaps, can surpass or even rival them in extent and grandeur of scenery, with the only exception of the Yosemite Valley, which alone is on a larger scale, but certainly not more interesting.

"One cannot see the Dells in a day, nor will a week suffice for a thorough exploration of all the wonderful caves, grottos, rocks and gulches, and one will never tire of their startling magnitude and grandeur. Above Witches' Gulch we have an elegant view of the river, its bluffs and many islands, which is often compared to a similar view on Lake George, the river widening to fully half a mile. A beautiful drive can be had from Kilbourn to 'Hornets' Nest,' 'Luncheon Hall,' 'Stand Rock,' and many points of interest on the upper river, while the 'Lower Dells,' starting from the Dam, below the point where the 'Dell Queen' makes her regular trips, present a long list of attractions, which should not be missed by the visitor. We mention 'Echo Point,' 'Bear's Cave,' 'Chimney Rock,' somewhat smaller than the rock of like name further up, 'Observation Point,' from the top of which one of the finest landscapes is seen, 'Stultz's Rock,' 'Signal Peak,' 'Sugar Bowl,' the 'Inkstand,' resembling a large, double office inkstand, 'Lone Rock,' the 'Cave of the Dark Waters,' 'Reflection Arch,' 'Grotto Rock,' 'Falls of the Dam,' 'Coldwater Spring,' 'Earle's Cave,' 'The Owens,' 'Hawk's Bill,' 'Bald Hill,' 'Cobblestone Cove,' besides which there are many others."



## NOTE VI.

## ABOUT KILBOURN CITY AND BEYOND.



THE vicinage of Kilbourn City abounds in points of interest, not including the Dells.

One ride upon which the Triumvirate were invited took them across the river, by the roadway of the bridge, which is beneath the rails, and along the opposite high bank for some distance; and then for several miles through a growth of small wood: the whole result being about as much like a ride through the Georgian uplands as possible. Near the town of Delton (where the people live to be 450 years old, if we may believe an authority which claims the average death-rate to be but two out of 900 per annum), we came upon a romantically-situated and weather-stained old mill. Upon a small steam-boat, moored in the slack-water above the dam, we were introduced to the genial proprietor, who was busily engaged in getting up steam, having been apprised of our coming, in advance.

Once under way, our small craft carried us through the depths of a wood-begirt cañon, mooring, finally, at the mouth of a gulch, much loved by picnickers; as was proven by a well-defined stratum of egg-shells, discovered by the geological member of the expedition, who also noted many cabalistic marks upon the rocks; such as "Jorge and Anny," with various dates annexed.

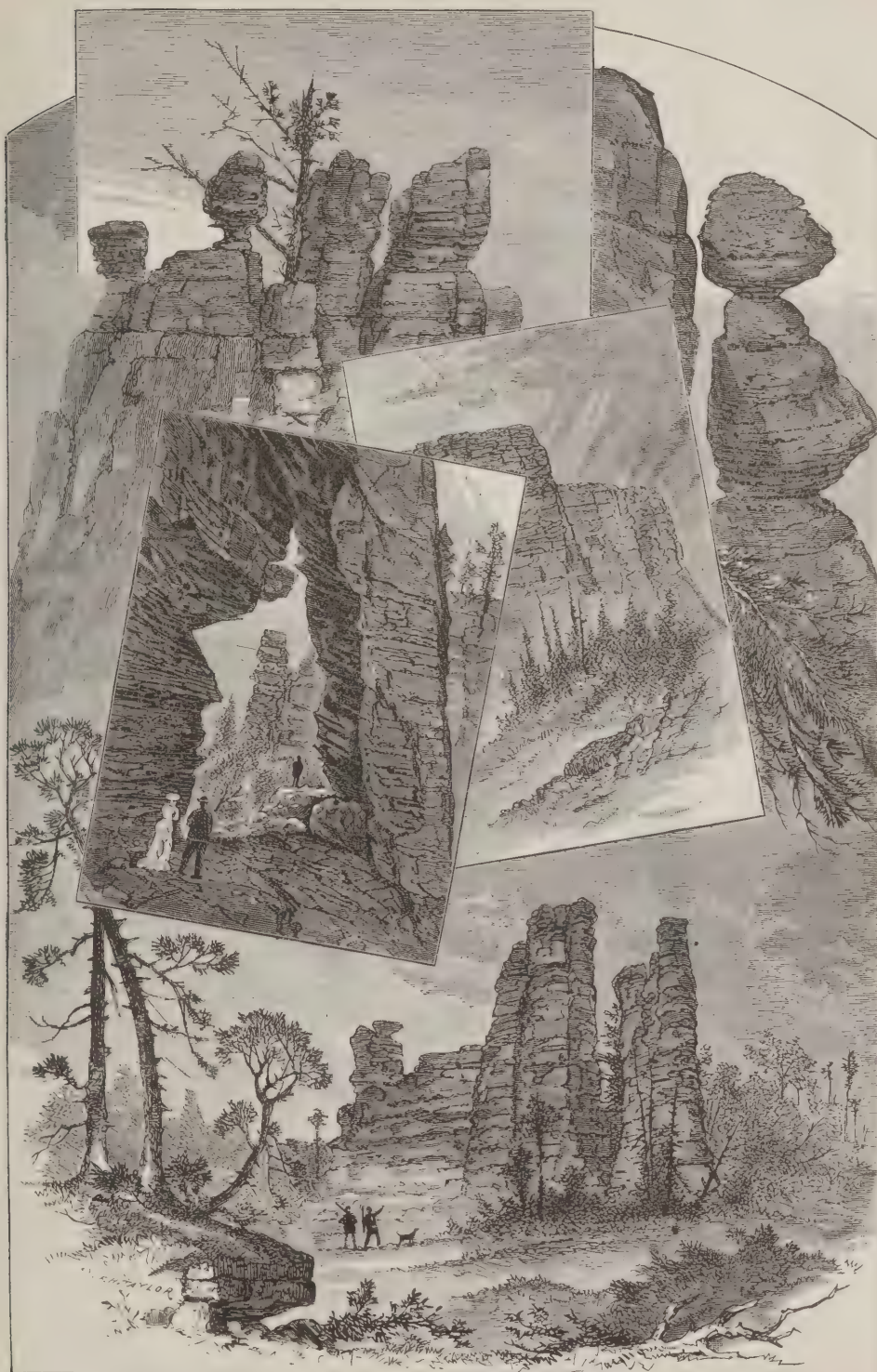
We didn't, alas! reach Mirror Lake, to which this cañon is but the portal; but were obliged to content ourselves with the following from the

guide-book, relative to this and other interesting points of the region, not personally visited:

"It remains to point out a few of the advantages of Kilbourn City, geographically, for pleasure seekers. Situate about midway between Chicago and St. Paul, on the great thoroughfare between these points, being 193 miles from Chicago, and 216 miles from St. Paul, it is the natural centre of the great system of pleasure resorts, for which the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is more than famous—renowned. As items for tourists to make memoranda of, we cite the following: It is 77 miles from Oconomowoc, the centre of the great lake system of Wisconsin, already noticed; 57 miles from Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, also on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; and 62 miles from Sparta, which will be our next point of rest and description. By the run of trains, we can leave Kilbourn in the morning, go to Sparta and fish for trout all day, and return in the evening; or go to Oconomowoc, dine, have some four or five hours for amusement on the lakes, and get back to supper at Kilbourn; or go over to Madison, arriving there at 10 A. M., see the capitol and public buildings, take a sail on the beautiful lakes by which it is environed, and return to Kilbourn to supper same night; or take a nice carriage and pair of horses, drive through to Baraboo and Devil's Lake, seventeen miles, dine, 'take in' all there is of scenery there, and back to Kilbourn same night; or take short runs out by train, to Mauston, Lisbon or Camp Douglas, and view the wonderful rock formations all along the line; or over to Delton, take a sail on Mirror Lake, and back to Kilbourn and the FINCH HOUSE, to a 'good square meal' of the splendid fried chickens, for which that 'caravan-serie' is so justly famous. Thus it will be seen, that this is the grandest 'STRATEGIC POINT' in all the land for pleasure operations, as well as being the *ne plus ultra* of all that is beautiful, *per se*.

"Mirror Lake, located three and a half miles from Kilbourn City Station, and four miles from the wonderful Dells, has hitherto been kept from public notice by the few lovers of good fishing and the most wonderful beauties of Nature, who were acquainted with its attractions. But its wonderful reflections, magnificent cañons, and entire difference from other places of interest, have at length disclosed its beauties to the tourist, and last season a steamer was put upon its waters.





ROCKS IN JUNEAU AND ADAMS COUNTIES, WIS.

It is in close proximity to that wonderful cañon, 'Congress Hall,' the mineral springs, and is located in the well-known, healthy climate of Delton. The stage passes daily, to and from Kilbourn City, and good conveyances can be had at any time to meet tourists at the depot.

"Lake Mason, the fisherman's paradise, is a spot comparatively unknown, though one of the finest of the numerous lakes scattered over Wisconsin.

"The lake proper is three miles in length, and two in breadth, with several large bayous. The lake is situated partly in Marquette County, and partly in Adams County, about ten miles north of

ermen captured 150 pounds. Pickerel have been caught here weighting as high as twenty-five pounds. Still-fishing for perch, rock bass, black bass, sunfish, etc., is good at all seasons of the year, whenever the lake is clear from ice. In the spring and fall immense flocks of ducks and geese float upon its bosom, and feed upon the wild rice which grows in rich luxuriance in the different arms of the lake. Fishing tackle, excellent row-boats, and good lodging can be had at mere nominal prices. The lake is situated in the far-famed valley, where, in the spring-time, the waters of the Fox, which flows into the Great Lakes, mingle



TROUT FALLS AT SPARTA.

east from Kilbourn City. The drive from Kilbourn City to the little village of Briggsville, so cosily nestled in the valley at the foot of the lake, is undoubtedly the best route for the tourists visiting the Dells. The fishing is among the finest in the West. Heretofore, the surrounding inhabitants have slaughtered great quantities of fish, even going so far as to throw them back into the lake after catching them. Active efforts are now being made to protect the finny tribes. The favorite sport is trolling for pickerel. The lake is filled with them, and the best time to troll is during the months of May, June, September and October. In one day, last season, four fish-

with those of the Wisconsin, which enters the Mississippi.

"As the traveler reaches the eastern edge of the plateau, about half way between Kilbourn and Lake Mason, he beholds a landscape of green fields and waving woods, of silver lakes and distant hill-tops, veiled in blue, that makes him think he has caught a glimpse of fairy-land.

#### "SPARTA.

"Rising with the lark, we travel the sixty-two miles from Kilbourn at an hour when at home we are wont to be in the arms of Morpheus, arriv-



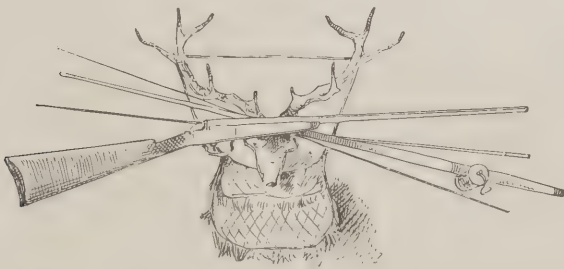
ing at Sparta in time for breakfast. The beautiful, balmy morning air, as it is wafted to our grateful senses, over fields of new-mown hay, filling with its inimitable fragrance the palace in which we travel, combined with the interesting landscape, the principal objects of note in which are the number of bluffs, singly and in groups, towering up to the height of several hundred feet, the most prominent being Lone Rock, Twin Bluffs and the Devil's Chimney. This region is celebrated for its fishing and hunting, the rivers abounding in fish of every variety, the festive trout also being caught in great numbers. Of game, there is a superabundance of bear, wolves, deer, foxes, ducks, geese, swan, quail, pigeons, partridges and prairie chickens.

"The road leads through a number of embryo cities, their prosperity being assured by the laughing fields of grain amidst which they are located. Mauston and Tomah are the largest of the places we pass. Tomah being the annual resort of a large number of anglers from the West and South, it being celebrated for its magnificent trout-fishing.

"Sparta is a charming city, of considerable commercial importance, with a population of four thousand, enjoying a wide reputation as a popular summer resort, both for the health-seeker and tourists. Its altitude being one of the highest in the State, the atmosphere is noted for its remarkable purity, and is wonderfully exhilarating. It is this pure air, free from moisture and the taints of miasmatic sections, that affords the invigorating and healing influences so essential to the weakened lungs, oxygenizing the blood, and imparting new life and vigor to the enfeebled physical powers. The influences of the air, in connection with the curative properties of the famous mineral springs of Sparta, have established it as one of the principal spas of the country, sixteen artesian wells having been sunk in different parts of the town since the first discovery of the merits of the water, in 1869. Hirsh discloses the fact that it contains a larger proportion of iron than any other water yet discovered in this country or Europe, resembling very much the famous Ems Springs, of Germany. Associated with the tonic

properties of the water are found the salts of soda, magnesia, litha, sodium, etc., minutely proportioned and held in perfect solution, forming a *pure chalybeate*, peculiarly adopted to the relief and cure of all cases of nervous debility, derangement of the blood, etc. Eminent medical skill will be found at Sparta, and excellent accommodations at the hotels. The Warner House, which was destroyed by fire, is replaced by a large edifice, which contains every modern improvement—Turkish bath establishment, bowling alleys, etc. Several other hotels and numerous private boarding houses vie with each other in excellence of accommodations, the prices of each being moderate. Fine liverys are supplied by several well-kept stables, the beauty of the surrounding country inviting to daily drives. Among the prominent attractions of scenery are Castle Rock, Chimney Rock and Hollow Bluff, all having historic legends; Castle Rock towering majestically to a height of seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of Lake Michigan, and affording from its summit a splendid view, the blue hills of Minnesota, across the Father of Waters, being plainly visible; the valleys and plateaux, with their rich farms and cultivated gardens, streams and creeks, pretty farm-houses, etc., forming a scene of panoramic beauty and interest. The beautiful lawn at the foot of Castle Rock is a favorite picnic ground; the streams abound with speckled trout, and Sparta lays just claim to being one of the most favored, and certainly is one of the most fashionable, resorts in the Northwest.

"We take the morning train from Sparta, and in succession pass through Herseyville, Rockland, Bangor, West Salem, reaching La Crosse after a ride of one hour through a very interesting, picturesque and wealthy country, teeming with the riches of the soil—the industrious farmers' reward—inhabited by people who have every reason to be happy. Bangor is one of the favorite hunting and fishing resorts in the State—deer, foxes and wild turkeys, together with all kinds of fowl, abounding in the immediate neighborhood, a fine trout stream flowing through the village, the La Crosse River near by affording excellent bass, pickerel, pike and other fishing."



## NOTE VII.

## UP THE MISSISSIPPI FROM DUBUQUE.



sive valley of this great river, or to engage in any kind of business in the West, no more inviting localities can be found than will be seen on a railroad trip on the west bank of the Mississippi traversing a part of Iowa and Minnesota.

## THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

To the Eastern tourist, or the traveler for pleasure, or, to those who wish to make investments in the upper part of the extensive

Travelers from the Eastern or Middle States, intending to visit the best part of the West, will not stop until they have at least crossed the Mississippi and seen several of the flourishing young cities on the west side.

From whatever point they commence their journey they will pass by some railroad route across the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The two proper points to reach first on the Mississippi are Savanna and Sabula, the latter on the west side of the river. Savanna has for many years been the terminus of a railroad extending from Lake Michigan. At this place a fine railroad bridge, spanning the river, has just been completed. Sabula was one of the early, permanent settlements of Iowa soon after the Blackhawk war of 1832. Both towns received a new impetus in prosperity a few years ago on the construction of a railroad southward from Dubuque.

Early on the morning following our arrival at La Crosse, the Statistician was discovered standing meditatively in front of the telegraph office. As the other members of the Triumvirate approached, his face brightened, and he asked:

"What day of the week is this?"

"Tuesday," replied the Prince.

"Wednesday," ventured the "Man-in-search-of-the-West."

"You're both wrong. I'll bet it's Friday, and here's the morning paper to prove it."

But it proved to be Thursday, whereupon the Statistician's brow darkened.

"We're a nice lot of travelers," said he. "We ought to have somebody along to tell us when Sunday comes round. What's worse, I thought to-morrow was Saturday, and I've just got the promise of a 'special' to take us up the river, and here we've got to wait two days instead of one."

"Well, we *must* go somewhere," said the Prince, reflectively. "Let's—let's go and play billiards."

Somehow, this proposition vexed our executive member, who retorted, "No we won't. We'll go down the river. We'll visit Dubuque."

"All right," said the Prince, serenely.

"It's only a hundred and twenty-five miles," continued the Statistician.

"That's nothing," chorused the others.

"It's most surprising how trivial distance seems to some folks," remarked our leader, ironically.



We devoted the morning to La Crosse, and started for Dubuque upon the through express.

The trip down was made after dark, but the return journey upon the next day was by daylight, resulting in the following notes industriously compiled from the remarks of an old citizen of Dubuque, who came north in the train, and who, as the Prince remarked, "Had it down fine."

"It's a pity," said he, "that you couldn't come all the way up the river from away down nigh St. Louis. It's all worth seeing. But suppose you strike the river at Sabula. From there northward you will pass plenty of grand scenery and many prosperous towns. The majestic island forests, the picturesque bluffs, whether near or distant, the occasional view of attractive homes and farms, the frequent glimpses of beautiful river scenes, offer variety and charm to the journey. Within a few miles you reach Bellevue, once an important place as the County-seat of Jackson County.

"Several miles further up the river the bluffs increase in height to over two hundred feet, as is the case at Gordon's Ferry Station, nearly opposite Galena, the oldest town in Northern Illinois.

"Two miles further Tete de Morts Creek is crossed near another spot of historic interest where a private trading post existed before 1820.

"A few miles further on crossing Catfish Creek the traveler will notice a precipitous bluff on the top of which is the grave of Julien Dubuque, the first white man who made a home on Iowa soil.

"Here stood the Fox village of one band of the Sac and Fox Indians, the friends of Dubuque and who, with the chiefs of four other villages, granted to him at Prairie du Chien, in 1788, the lead mining right to a district about fifteen miles long by the shore of the river, and extending about nine miles into the country. Dubuque, with a few other French-Canadians, established a colony and commenced the manufacture of lead from the vast quantity of lead-ore in the adjacent hills. Two miles further and the train arrives at Dubuque Station on the river edge of the business part of that metropolitan City of Iowa. Julien Dubuque's principal lead smelting works were at the mouth of the creek referred to, near where his grave now is, and also near the present southern corporate limits of the city which, like the county, has the honor of bearing his name.

"Dubuque was incorporated as a village in 1837, and as a city in 1841. The population is now 25,000. A railroad reached the opposite shore in 1855, and was extended westward in 1856. The railroads south and north from Dubuque were first in operation in 1871 and '72, and are now known as the Dubuque Division of the C., M. & St. Paul Railway. The railroad bridge, 1,760 feet long, was constructed in 1868."

At this point in his conversation the old citizen produced a note-book, from which he read in deliberate tones:

"A man who knows anything about the West, won't quote the story of the growth of Jonah's gourd as anything remarkable. Dubuque has over twenty churches, a college, a theological seminary and many private schools. All the

Christian denominations in religion are well represented. There are branches of most of the secret and benevolent orders, and many other associations for different purposes.

"The value of the annual product of lead shipped from Dubuque exceeds \$200,000 a year. It is obtained from mines in the immediate vicinity. This valuable natural resource is not exhausted, and new discoveries are frequently made. The lodes, more or less productive and often variable, extend from a few feet to hundreds, and are sometimes nearly continuous for a mile or more. Some of the mines are under streets, gardens and cultivated fields, and seldom over a hundred feet deep. The whole value of lead obtained since the permanent settlement of 1833, in and near the city, has exceeded \$15,000,000. There are over three miles of street railway operated by horse-power extending through the nearly level portion of the city. But the greatest curiosity in motive power is the steam 'Motor,' of the Hill Street and West Dubuque Railway, by which a grade at the rate of 400 feet per mile is attained. It is about two miles long and has been run for four years, without accident to the passengers.

"The Steam Supply Company has about five miles of street pipe for the benefit of hundreds of stores, manufactories, private residences and public buildings.

"Dubuque has been lighted by gas since 1855. The works have been extended and there are now thirteen miles of street pipe."

"Now, that's what I call a pretty good record, *con-sidering*," said the old gentleman, beaming at us through his spectacles, "and who knows where it's going to stop?"

The one leading quality—the salient feature in every Western man's composition—is a complete and expansive faith in the coming greatness of the domain he inhabits. And why not? There is no parallel for its past; can we find an historical precedent for the promised impetus of its coming years? What if the Westerner *does* brag a little? Who else has earned such a perfect right to do so?

But about the scenery.

The tourist continuing his journey north from Dubuque, will first see a part of the city, with residences scattered at intervals on the top of the bluff, followed by two miles of Nature's high rock wall on the Eastern shores; one mile from town he will see Eagle Point rising above the track over two hundred and fifty feet. As the Indian terms "Io-wa" signifying "Beautiful," "Excellent," or "Beautiful Land," this point, by Indian name, would be "Zin-wa," or "Io-zin-wa," meaning "Beautiful place of the Eagles."

Four miles further is the Little Maquoketa River. For the next twenty miles or more, the railroad is upon the immediate bank of the river except along a few timbered islands, and mostly at the very base of the rocky bluff.

All the rocks in this part of the Northwest dip to the south and southwest, at the rate of ten to fifteen feet per mile.

Turkey River Junction is the next place of interest near which a perpendicular bluff, about 300 feet high, seems to guard the valley of the river

at that place, and also the railroad and its Volga river branch, running westward into a fine section of Northeastern Iowa.

A few miles further, and the old "Prairie la Port" is reached, settled at an early day by the French, who gave it that name, as it was then really a port for the vicinity.

This place is now chiefly occupied by enterprising Germans, who, long ago, gave it the name of Guttenberg. It is a point of considerable trade and some manufactures.

The next station is Clayton, another of the commercial places in the county of the same name. In this vicinity, the upper part of the lower magnesian limestone is seen. That rock is 200 to 250 feet thick; and in proceeding northward, it forms grand bluffs, like those of the upper Silurian rocks, seen farther down the river.

And nine miles further, is the important town of McGregor, so named in honor of its founder.

Several miles below McGregor is the famous "Pictured Rock."

Opposite McGregor is one of the oldest places of civilization in the Northwest—Prairie du Chien. At this point, also, the Wisconsin River enters the Mississippi.

The site of Prairie du Chien was made a missionary station and trading post, about the time William Penn settled his English colony at Philadelphia, in 1682. The United States government established Fort Crawford about the year 1806, after Lieutenant Pike, in the military service, explored the upper Mississippi more thoroughly than the missionaries, traders or adventurers had done. This fort was taken by the British and

Indians, in the war of 1812. Here, subsequently, Col. Zachary Taylor was commandant for many years. Lieutenant Jefferson Davis was one of his officers.

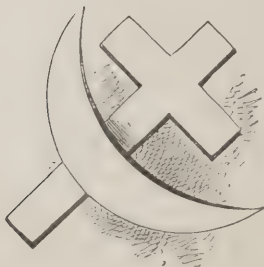
The next station is known as Waukon Junction, from which a branch extends westward to Waukon, the county seat of Allamakee County.

Upon the main line, along the river, the next station is Harper's Ferry. Near this place, it is said, the Cross was first erected in Iowa, at the grave of one of the early missionaries. If so, it was probably the first cemetery emblem of Christianity in what is now Iowa.

Lansing is the next station. This is a place of considerable trade, and is prosperous. It was settled over thirty years ago by a class of progressive people, and it continues to be a thriving town.

At this place the lowest rock in Iowa is conspicuously observed,—the Potsdam sandstone, forming a part of the bluffs around the city. Further northward it is seen to be about 400 feet thick, but not valuable in any part for building purposes, or any other use.

At the end of this three hundred mile trip, the traveler reaches the town of La Crescent, opposite the flourishing city of La Crosse, in Wisconsin. The latter was one of the early trading-points occupied by the French-Canadians, before Minnesota had any white inhabitants, except the occasional resident, or traveling traders with the Indians. That city and its neighboring town, as their names imply, might be rivals; but both have their special advantages, and are connected by a substantial railroad bridge across the great river.





## NOTE VIII.

## OUR SPECIAL TRAIN FROM LA CROSSE TO ST. PAUL.



UNDER what widely changed conditions of surrounding are the words penned which begin this continuation of last summer's experiences! The closing words of the preceding chapter were written under leaden skies, and from behind barricades of snow, no longer beautiful, heaped up

in miniature *Sierras* along all the streets of the City of Homes.

Now, as the story goes on, the outlook is from a broad piazza, giving a sweep of low-roofed houses over which cocoa palms nod drowsily, and around which all of the rank luxuriance of tropic verdure plays wild riot. Beyond these are the sparkling waters of the harbor dancing forever over the creamy corals of its bed; the key beyond, and still further, a broad perspective of ocean which rolls in and tosses its white crests above the sunken ridges through which the pilot only knows the tortuous pathway. Only yesterday the steamer's smoke dissolved upon our horizon, and left us prisoners from the outer world for half a month, upon the loveliest island of the Bahamas.

Not more beautiful, though as broadly diverse in all characteristics as the antipodes are these present scenes, than those of which I am to write telling of our trip along the upper Mississippi, between La Crosse and St. Paul.

La Crosse boasts a population of 10,000 people, and is said to have derived its name from the well-known and favorite game of the Indians, the spot having once been a meeting-ground for the players.

A handsome Union Depot occupied by the several divisions of the C., M. & St. Paul Railway is located here. Fox, the old-time favorite caterer upon this line, spreads his fare in a capacious railway hotel close at hand.

It was with some regret that the exigencies of travel forced the Triumvirate to leave La Crosse without having had a fair opportunity to acquaint themselves with its especial features.

It is a peculiarity of American cities that they almost invariably turn their most uninteresting

features to the eye of the passing traveler. If La Crosse, upon the contrary, looked pretty to us from the car windows, as we left its precincts, how much more comely may have been its business blocks and the shaded streets of its homes?

And now we invite you to join us metaphorically, at least, upon our "special," which "pulled out" of La Crosse, in the parlance of the rail, early upon one of the most perfect of September days.

Just above the city the railway leads across a very long bridge, which, with the surroundings, bring to mind the more familiar scene on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the crossing of the Susquehanna above Harrisburg.

And here we are in Minnesota.

From La Crosse to Wabasha the railway runs closely beside the river, giving us a bewildering succession of vistas as we sped along during the morning. Stopping now or anon for a hastily sketched outline of some striking feature, or a shot from Mr. Bennett's camera at a particularly desirable point.

Near Minnieska, and below Winona, the rock formations are especially grand.

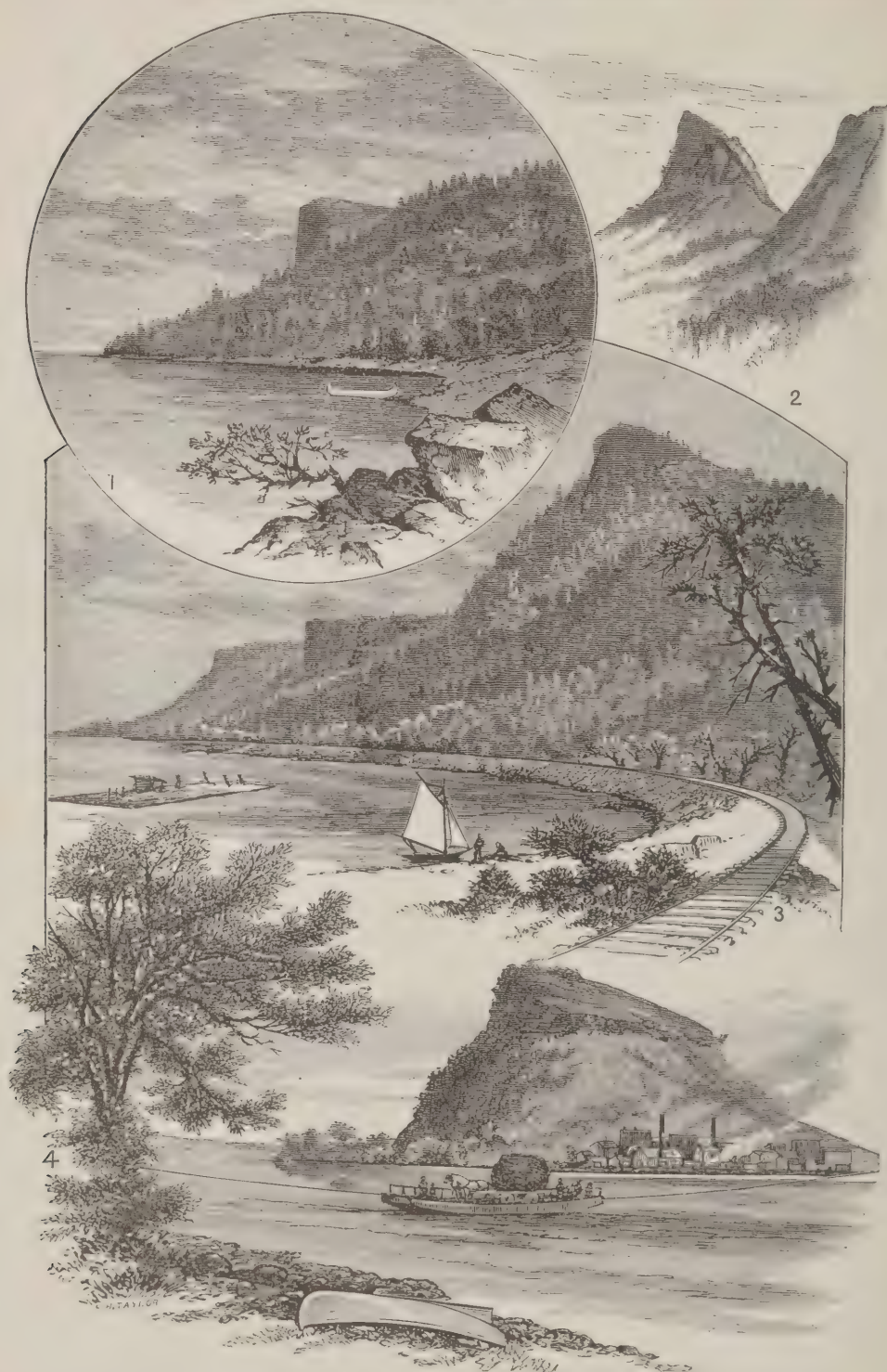
Wabasha was the capital city of the Sioux and Dakotas, and here, in the great wigwam of the nation, the chieftains sat in solemn deliberation at the councils of their people.

Wabasha marks the lower end of Lake Pepin, which is formed by an expansion of the Mississippi River to a width of about five miles from Frontenac, twenty-five miles above to this point.

At Wabasha, the streams seems to suddenly recall the fact that it has idled in the guise of a lake long enough, and is, after all, only a river, and so it takes on its proper character; possibly paraphrasing Richard the Third, and murmuring, "Lakes avaunt, the Mississippi is himself again," and then goes on its way toward the cotton States, bright and unpolluted, as yet, by the turbid Missouri.

That Lake Pepin and its vicinage was once a favorite and thickly peopled centre with the Indians is evident in many traces of their existence found here, and not only these, but even those prehistoric and enigmatic people the mound-builders, as we call them, seem to have had an appreciative eye for the beautiful in Nature. All of the country about Wabasha is dotted with mounds, from many of which curiously wrought utensils have been taken.

Between Wabasha and Frontenac the railway



ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

1.—MAIDEN ROCK. 2.—SUGAR LOAF. 3.—BUTTES OF THE MISSISSIPPI. 4.—BARN BLUFF, RED WING.



passes along and about a constant series of grand scallops, at the point of each of which stands one of the splendid cliffs losing itself among the pines upon the slope at its base with great regularity. The outlook from any one of these points includes the entire lake, and will repay the climber for almost any fatigue incurred in attaining it. Each crescent is edged with a narrow sandy beach where the wavelets plash with silvery music, or leap in foaming delirium before the gales that sweep across the broad waters, until winter sets his frigid seal upon the scene and Nature rests in torpor until the coming of another season.

Upon the western, or, perhaps more accurately, the southwestern, side of the lake, and near Lake City, stands the Sugar Loaf, a most remarkable headland, and quite *sui generis* in this region.

A range of "buttes," massive ramparts such as one meets with among the parks of Colorado, guard the eastern edge of the lake, and many of them are clothed with the gauzy but beautiful wrappings of tradition. For instance, there's "Maiden Rock" with its convenient lover's leap.

It was here that fair Comona, who was destined by the great chieftain, her father, to wed a copper-colored brave of many scalps, whom she despised, determined to fool the old gentleman, and so, rushing to the edge of the cliff, casting one brief, heart-broken look at the beauteous scenes of her childhood—but *Pshaw!* I see you have heard it all before.

Frontenac, which is called the "Newport of the Northwest," stands at the head of Lake Pepin; the guide-book tells us, is fifty-eight miles from St. Paul, and three hundred and fifty-one miles from Chicago.

The village is built upon a plateau above and slightly away from the river-lake. A long cape extends into the lake and is known as Point au Sable. It is claimed, among the traditions of the place, that the earliest military post established in the region was located here by Count Frontenac, who was governor of Canada when it was still under French domination.

Frontenac attracts a large company of summer residents through the great natural beauties of its location. An excellent hotel is located on the point. Abundant facilities for shooting, fishing, driving or sailing exist, while steamboats and steam yachts make numerous trips to points of interest along the lake.

The Triumvirate took it into their heads, at about this stage of the journey, to perch out in front upon the pilot of the engine, where they cosily sat, feasting their eyes upon every novel and fleeting beauty, into which they were projected, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and they thought it jolly indeed, although an occasional cow and a hand-car or so caused more than one stampede to the cab.

The train finally rounded the shapely headland known as Barn Bluff, and came to a halt. Just why this huge promontory is called Barn Bluff is "one of those things," as the late "Lord Dundreary" would say, "that no fellow can find out."

Nestled close beneath the bluff stands the



VIEW BELOW WINONA.

pretty little City of Redwing, from which a large portion of the cereal products of the Northwest were formerly shipped, and which still enjoys a high condition of prosperity. We dined at Redwing, and found leisure to note the ways of the place, and only wished for time to scale the great watch-tower of a bluff, for the enjoyment of the superb view it surely affords.

Steamers, the well-known and capacious boats peculiar to the Mississippi, were loading at the wharves, rafts spread their attenuated lengths along the stream, floating to market upon the lazy tide, or held compactly by the "boom" at the saw-mills. A quaint and primitive rope-ferry boat, crossed and recrossed the line of perspective every now and then, well filled with passengers and teams.

Shortly after leaving Redwing the train loses sight of the river for a few miles, and winds among farms and woodlands not unlike those of the country about Milwaukee. It comes into view of the stream again at Hastings, where the river, neither so wide nor so deep as before, is crossed to the opposite shore.

From Hastings a division of the C., M. & St. Paul Railway branches to the westward and

crossing the southern central portion of Minnesota, penetrates the magnificent wheat country of Dakota. Our "special" ran out upon this line a couple of miles to a high bridge spanning Vermilion River, a small, but wildly picturesque tributary streamlet, which leaped into cascades or swirled about the base of great rocks in hasty mood to lose itself in the great stream below.

After a few miles (our train having returned to the main line) wherein we are projected along a shelf cut in the base of cliffs that cast deep shadows into the smooth but errant Mississippi, the track leads into green pastures, dotted with hay cocks and corn-fields covered with skirmish lines of brown shocks that told of coming autumn.

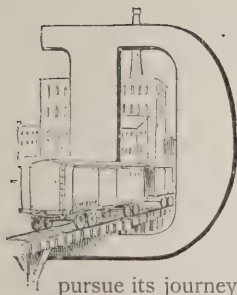
A short stop is made at the State fish-hatching establishment, from which young trout are sent by tens of thousands to re-populate the waters of the State, and a still shorter visit is made to Carver's Cave, a styx-like cavern just below St. Paul, and twenty minutes later, in the gathering shades of evening, the Triumvirate climbed the hill leading to the hotel, tired, but happy.





## NOTE IX.

## THE TWIN CITIES OF ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.



DURING the course of life, when a man does anything particularly notable, it is proper that he should be proud of the fact. So it is here set down that the Trimvirate arose early, like "Obidah, the son of Abendina" — in the legend — though, not to pursue its journey over the "Plains of Hindostan," but to see St. Paul at sunrise. There is an elasticity to the atmosphere in this region which would vitalize the blood of an anchorite. Even the steam whistle of the locomotive was caught up by the echoes and tossed back and forth sportively away off among the hills toward Minneapolis.

We breakfasted, and the Prince, our luxury-loving member, was so far exhilarated by the elasticity referred to, that he proposed, for the first time during our journeyings, that we should take a walk.

We climbed the hill behind the busy portion of the town, where the best residences are found, and took in the scene.

St. Paul has one feature peculiar to itself. It is a sloping bridge. It springs from the high bluff upon which the city is built, and reaches down to the low opposite bank. When a stranger comes into town the sloping bridge is about the first thing he notices, and the next is the fresh complexions and wide-awake look of the ladies, and the very general fine physique of the men. There must be something extraordinary in the atmosphere of a region producing such people. But it doesn't merely create; it *rehabilitates*. It takes the worn-out, over-worked men and women of the East and South, and endows their failing forms with a new and enduring vitality.

As we sat upon the bank of the river, later in the day, the Statistician seemed to be suddenly struck with an idea.

He fished about in his pockets for a little while, finally producing the following memoranda:

"St. Paul is five miles square.

"Population about 50,000; expect to double it in five years.

"And then to keep on doubling it.

"200 miles of streets.

"Gas, water, street railways, telephones.

"Indian curiosities.

"Fifty churches and one jail.

"Lots of hotels.

"More boarding-houses.

"More live men to the dozen than any other town in America.

"Wholesale trade last year, \$36,000,000.

"Fifteen railroads centre here.

"Five bridges and an opera house.

"Three or four elevators.

"St. Paul considers herself worth \$50,000,000.

"That's a thousand dollars per head all 'round.

"We will stay here if there's a fair division."

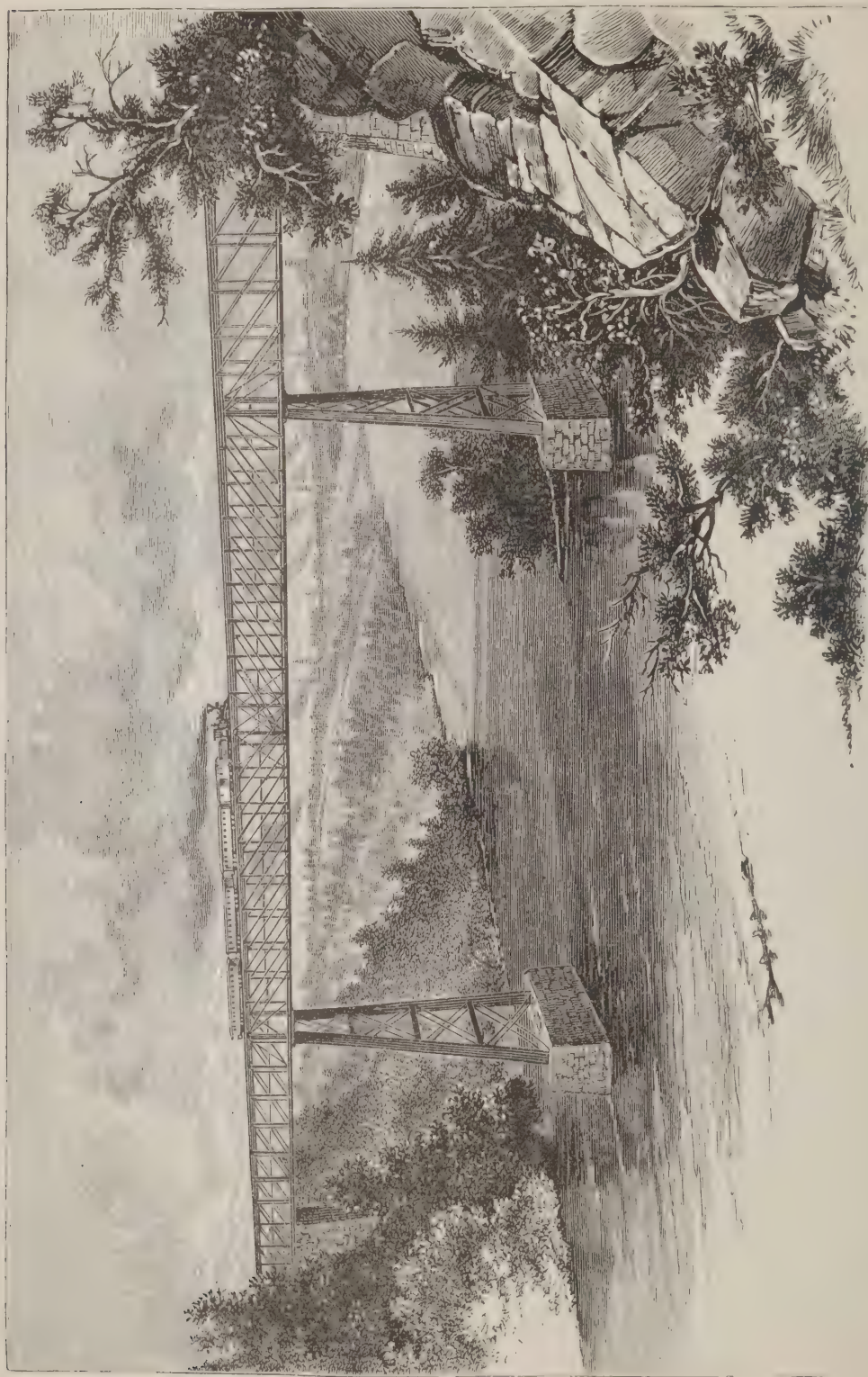
Just before our coming there had been a big fire among some of the wholesalers; and now, while a thin blue smoke curled up from the still heated heaps of charred *débris*, and the odor of conflagration could yet be scented from afar, hundreds of workmen were busy all about the ruins, making mortar, unloading brick, hewing timbers, mortising, pulling down and building up. Signs were set about among the grimy cellars, like this

### PLUCK & CO.

*Will re-occupy this Site in  
60 Days, with an entirely new  
Stock of Selected Goods, finer  
than ever.*

*Temporary Address in next  
block.*

"That's what makes the Northwest such a big success!" exclaimed the Statistician, as we stood looking on. "You can't wipe us out by fire or flood. Remember Chicago. See how the workers among these ruins toil like ants, swarming over the heated walls, not losing an hour nor a minute. I tell you," said he, waving his arms like a preacher at a revival meeting, and rising into a loftier stratum of fancy, "this magnificent domain is destined to com-



SHORT LINE BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI. ]



mand the admiration and tribute of the whole

"Look out there, will ye!" and just then a load of bricks came down, one of them dropping upon the speaker's favorite bunion, with such *striking* effect as to completely change his current of thought.

We went back to the hotel, paid our bill, and departed for Minneapolis.

Did it ever happen that two cities, or villages, or cross roads, existed anywhere within the republic sufficiently near each other to make it worth while, that they were not jealous?

No, it didn't.

Sometimes they call each other hard names in the papers.

That's the Texan plan.

Then again, if one puts up a fifty thousand dollar church, the other sees it and goes twenty-five thousand better, besides sending to Brooklyn for a preacher. That, in effect, is the Minnesota plan.

As regards the extent and solidity of her business features Minneapolis is "nip and tuck" with St. Paul, but when you come to mills and lumber, St. Paul is out of the race. Minneapolis is a short ten miles above St. Paul and is now connected by a short line road, completed last fall by the C., M. & St. Paul Railway, which crosses the Mississippi upon one of the finest and most costly iron bridges in the country.

A few years since the Falls of St. Anthony threatened to *cave*; in which case the great mills along the banks of the river, dependent upon the stability of the Falls for their motive power, might have followed suit. The Government sent its engineers here, and a barrier of cement was built through the soft under stratum of rock, and a broad sloping apron of planking was placed beneath the headlong waters. This engineering utterly destroyed the picturesque beauty of the cascade, and, in the forcible language of a native, "Even the darned Injuns' ghosts that some folks say used to hang round old St. Anthony's, and dodge about in the spray on moonlit nights, got disgusted and left."

But the big mills will go on, year after year, grinding the golden harvests into flour, and Minneapolis will grow rich and richer, undisturbed by fear of losing her water-power.

The Triumvirate was invited to inspect one of the twenty-one flour mills in operation here, the largest and newest of them all, in fact, the biggest mill in America.

Three years ago another mill stood where the new Washburn "A" now rears its tall granite walls; but one day a spark of fire, struck from some piece of machinery, was thrown into a cloud of flour dust, as inflammable as gun powder, and the huge structure with all its contents was projected into the air or scattered about the adjacent streets, every person employed in the building was killed, and the glaziers of Minneapolis retired, at the end of two months, from business.

Having learned this, the Triumvirate said it didn't care to take up any more of the superintendent's valuable time; but he explained that now, by a new device, invented by Gov. Washburn, all the dust is caught in enclosed bins, and the mill is so entirely clean that a lady might go through every floor dressed in black velvet and come out perfectly free from "flour crock."

We followed the course of a handful of wheat grains from the unloading cars at the first floor to the hopper bin, and thence by an elevator to the fifth floor; then to a receiving bin on the fourth floor, where "conveyers" take it to storage bins on first and second floors, where it waits for the miller. He shoots it in little pockets on an endless belt up to the top or eighth floor, where it is fed into "grain separators" on the floor below, to sift out chaff and straws. Next in order comes the patent grading screens. Then the "cockles" on the fifth floor, and the "brush machines" on the fourth and the "ending machines" on the second floor. But this is not the ending. It's only the beginning.

About this stage of the processes we lost the details, and can only say, that if the reader wants to know how much trouble it takes to make a barrel of flour, let him visit one of these mills when on his summer holiday.

"A" mill cost half a million, and it takes a thousand dollars per diem to run it. When doing its best it can turn out about 1,000 barrels in a day.

Figure results for yourself, but don't go into the business unless you have good backers. When we left "A" mill we thought that what we "didn't know about milling" wouldn't turn the big turbine in the cellar, but the Statistician looked wise and kept on making notes in his mem. book, which afterwards afforded the following:

"There are 21 mills in the city, of which Gov. Washburn owns three, and C. A. Pillsbury & Co. four.

"Total possible capacity estimated at fifteen thousand bbls. per diem.

"But mills don't run all the time.

"The leading market is in Europe. About seven freight trains go east daily with 125 bbls. to car.

"Wheat used is chiefly from the Red River region.

"Last year 1,650,850 bbls. were shipped.

"The amount of wheat received was 8,103,710 bushels.

"The total length of freight cars running loaded out of the city during the year would amount to over 300 miles.

"As to lumber, if the production was confined to boards a foot wide and an inch thick, they would, if placed end to end, girdle the world."

Figures are big things.

Perhaps there is no other feature in her vicinage of which Minneapolis is as proud as of the Fall of Minnehaha. It is three miles, or rather less, from town, in the direction of St. Paul, and is to be reached either by rail or carriage.

The cascade is neither broad nor high. A rapid and sparkling little stream runs dancing down through the meadows, and coming suddenly upon its plunge, spreads its aqueous skirts to their fullest width, and glides over the tip of the smooth and crescent-like rock with a grace most beautiful and rare.

Behind the fall a gallery has been formed by the crumbling of the softer second stratum of rock, and visitors pass under to the other side, looking through the transparent sheet almost as if a monster window intervened.

Below the falls a pathway leads down the ravine into those secluded shades particularly in favor with lovers, and a long stairway mounts to the world above.

Perhaps, even with these beauties Minnehaha would never have attained to a world-wide fame had it not been for the magic power of poesy.

And thus we owe much to the happy fortuity which sent the young Hiawatha this way, when, in his pretended quest of ammunition, he

"Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dakotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.  
There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly."

"Union Park" is the name of a new and extensive place of popular resort which is situated upon the "short line" between the two cities. It is reached from either place in fifteen minutes' time, passengers being set down at the Union Park Station close by the entrance.

The enclosure contains thirty-three acres of land of the most diversified character. It is gently rolling and covered with splendid forest trees, while several tiny lakes repose in its pretty vales. Broad drives and walks penetrate to all parts of the pastoral park and arbors, summer houses and rustic seats woo the visitor to rest in



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

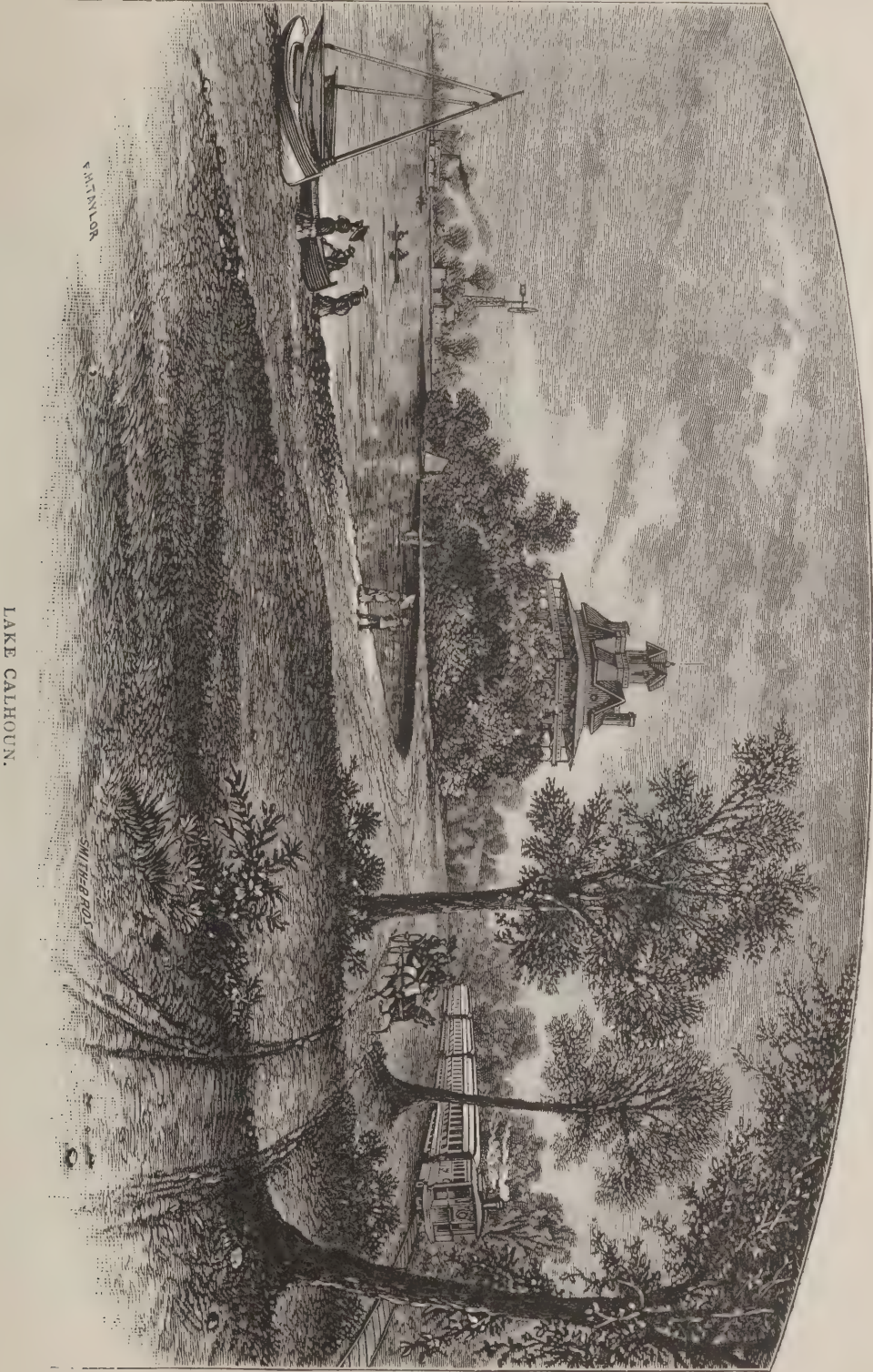
the cool shade. The park is located on the highest ground between the cities and from a lofty tower in the centre both St. Paul and Minneapolis are visible.

One day the Triumvirate saw a train of open cars standing in the streets of Minneapolis, with a fussy little engine of the genus *dummy* at the head, and without taking the trouble to ask where it was going, the three travelers seated themselves among the other passengers, and were shortly whisked away out of town, across fields and through woodlands much as the New-Yorkers are taken to Coney Island. About four miles from town Lake Calhoun came into view, its verge being well shaded and the benches under the trees filled with picnickers.

A pretty hotel stood up among the trees upon a small hill, and a quaint-looking steamer paddled to and fro upon the round little lake of perhaps seven hundred acres, much like a duck whose mates have all flown away and left it alone.

Just beyond the station the train passes the beautiful flower-bedecked cemetery of the city,





LAKE CALHOUN.

W. H. B. RUSSELL

W. H. B. RUSSELL

with a sloping pebbly beach upon the right, where the slight *whish-whish* of the wavelets would bring sleep to the eyes that would rather feast upon the scene, on a warm midsummer afternoon. Then the little "Narrow gauge" turned into the woods and half a mile beyond found its terminus at Lake Harriet, the twin of its neighbor in size and bordering characteristics.

The Triumvirate invested liberally in lemonade, lager beer, and other concomitants of suburban holiday places, and thus, after having paid tribute to the customs of the region, they returned to town.

#### THE PRINCE'S SIDE TRIP.

It's very true that friends are never thoroughly acquainted until they have traveled together for a few weeks. Constant association brings out heretofore unsuspected qualities. Sometimes they appear in the guise of new and pleasing virtues; but alas! too frequently one discovers traits cropping out occasionally in companions, not altogether calculated to contribute to the harmony and good will that should prevail in journeys of pleasure.

Fortunately, the more the several members of the Triumvirate saw of each other the closer became their attachment.

"This thing's getting monotonous!" exclaimed the "Man-in-search-of-the-West," "We're only a confounded mutual admiration society; I think it's about time we had a row about something. A good quarrel, you know, straight from the jaw, is like a thunder-storm, it clears the air. I move that we have a fight."

But the fight didn't come off. It was agreed, however, that leave of absence should be given to either member who wanted to visit points not contemplated in the general programme; upon which the Prince pulled out a package of letters, and remarked:

"I'm going to Dell Rapids."

"Wh— where's that?" exclaimed the "Man-in-search-of-the-West," much as though he stood beneath a shower bath.

"Well! it's somewhere in Dakota, that's all I know about it. You see, pretty much every time we've branched off from the main line we've struck *fried steak*. Now I'm not much of an *ipecac*, as Mrs. Partington would say, but there's one thing I won't stand, if I can help it, and

that's *fried steak*. So I have been writing to about twenty hotels in different parts of this region to this effect:

*Do you broil your steaks or are they fried?*

Look at the replies.

'No, we don't.'

That's noncommittal.

'Who ever heard of fried steak?'

That's too thin.

'Come and satisfy yourself.'

I can't take any chances.

'Our frying pan's down the well.'

Then you've got a new one. Etc., etc., etc.

Here's one now that settles the question.

Read that,

Dell Rapids, Aug. 24.

My Dear Sir:

In reply to yours, I will say that we do fry our steaks, and what's more we run 'em through a threshing machine first.

We go light on steaks, but are heavy on preserves and such.

Truly,

"Now, that's what I call candor. If a hotel man is willing to admit that he fries his steaks there is hope for him. I'll bet that when I get to Dell Rapids the steak will prove all my young fancy has painted it."

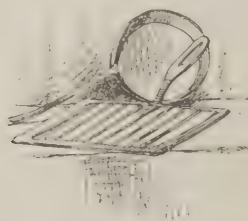
So the Prince left us for a side trip, and we received the following dispatch from him upon the second day:

*Steaks O. K. Dell Rapids, all its name implies. Three hotels here, also pretty girls. When scenery here is viewed in company with the latter upon a moonlight night, it is romantic to a degree that is positively dangerous. Rocks and streams much like Dells of the Wisconsin on reduced pattern. Going to stay here a week, come up.*

PRINCE.

We couldn't go, but when our companion rejoined us a few days later, he gave a very enthusiastic account of his experiences. From time to time thereafter, he was discovered gazing furtively at a feminine portrait which was carried in a note-book in the left breast pocket of his coat.

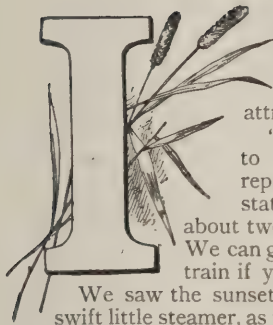
Next year we'll all go to Dell Rapids.





## NOTE X.

## LAKE MINNETONKA AND ITS PARK.



WANT to go fishing," remarked the Prince, after we had exhausted the real attractions of the city. "Then you should go to Lake Minnetonka," replied our guide and statistician. "It's only about twenty miles from here. We can go out on the evening train if you like."

We saw the sunset from the deck of a swift little steamer, as we sped away toward the more distant openings of the irregular island dotted lake, leaving the depot and train behind us rapidly disappearing in the gathering gloom of night. Pretty cottages were set upon points projected here and there, and our boat, stopping at the landings, brought the mail and the friends of merry groups of young folks, who came romping down to the water to meet them. Sail boats of graceful build, and natty gear, and light shallops rocked idly at anchor in the swell thrown from the steam yacht. The music of violin and guitar came softly from the porches among the half-seen trees above. It was a series of pretty semi-amphibious scenes in monochrome.

When we reached our objective point at

Minnetonka Park it was, quite dark, and a lantern bobbed about on the wharf to guide our wheelsman. Everybody on board found somebody waiting on the wharf to receive them—that is, everybody saving the Triumvirate, which nobody expected, but its members being strangers in a strange land, were a "host unto themselves."

We walked up through a grove to the broad porch of the hotel whose windows were ablaze with kindly light.

We retired early. The Prince had heard that the fish bite best early in the morning. So he was up by daylight, and out in a small boat with his trolling spoon spinning along just outside of the weeds. In about twenty minutes he came back to the landing, holding up a four pound pickerel, with manifest delight. The boat-keeper looked at him a moment, and then remarked, "Better throw it back and let it grow. We've got lots of bait."

The guide-book, more circumstantial, though not a bit more appreciative than ourselves, gives the following facts:

"The name, Minnetonka, in the language of the Sioux Indians, signifies 'Big Water.' It is less than a quarter of a century since the red man abandoned its shores and removed further away from growing cities and encroaching pioneers that were crowding them back, and it is only



HOTEL ST. LOUIS, LAKE MINNETONKA.



HOTEL AT MINNETONKA PARK.



about five years since the first steamer, worthy of mention as a passenger boat, was placed on its waters.

"The first white settler made his appearance on the shores of the lake in 1852; in 1878 the number of visitors exceeded thirty-five thousand in the short season of three months.

"Minnetonka is made up of a series of bays, some twenty-five in number, which form a chain of what appears to be a succession of lakes, which are joined by estuaries, many of which are navigable by the steamers.

"Its series of irregular shaped bays, covering an area of over 16,000 acres, give ample room for all kinds of rural enjoyment. The banks, covered by a heavy growth of timber, the numerous jutting points, some steep and abrupt, others sloping gently to the water's edge, the stretches of marsh resembling vast lawns, and the numerous picturesque islands, also covered with large trees, combine to form a picture of varied beauty most pleasing to the eye.

"The general shape of the lake, with its jutting points and crooked beaches, gives it a shore line of between two and three hundred miles, and an exploration of all its bays would afford a good week's enjoyment. The high banks of the lake commanding beautiful and extensive views, give elegant sites for summer hotels or private homes, where all the charms of woodland and

lake may be enjoyed together. And the fact that nearly every point on the main lake can be reached by the steamers, makes Minnetonka a prominent candidate for the favors of those who wish to enjoy a pleasant summer retreat at a nominal expense.

"The large and splendid hotel at Minnetonka Park was first thrown open to the public in June, 1879, the design of its projectors being to supply the people and visitors in the vicinity a resort somewhat akin to that of Chautauqua, New-York. The natural surroundings of the place are in every way superior to those of the famous camp-meeting point last named, and money has been lavishly spent in beautifying the grounds, though Nature has been left to run sweet riot everywhere in the woodlands.

"The hotel building is one of the finest structures of the kind west of Chicago, being designed to give as much 'out-of-doors' as possible. Porches almost surround the house, while at one end there is a broad verandah as big as the deck of a North River steamboat, which gives a beautiful outlook between the trees and across the lake.

"There are a number of other hotels upon the lake, the largest being the 'St. Louis.'

"Frequent communication is had with the city by steamers and steam yachts in connection with the railways."

## AU REVOIR.

And now autumnal gusts ruffled the bosoms of the lakes and filled all the crevices along their brinks with sere and faded leaves. The Triumvirate sat about the stove in the parlor at Minnetonka Park, or walked the deserted piazzas in melancholy mood. It is a sad thing to be the last guest at a summering place.

The Statistician and the Man-in-search-of-the-West, went through the garden and sat upon a bench where they had smoked much upon summer nights.

Then the Prince, appeared with carpet-bag and umbrella, and sat between them. Desolation ruled the hour. Chilly, marrow-searching gusts swept fitfully across the troubled waters, and we longed for the days gone by. Nature, always sympathetic, rained great tear-like drops upon the leaves, as we gazed five minutes later after the diminishing form of our fellow-traveler, and realized that the Triumvirate was broken. It is written that we shall meet again.



## ADDENDUM.

## ALONG THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

It was well that the morning following the taking off of our genial fellow-traveler, revealed one of those delicious, champagne-like days peculiar only to an American autumn. The afflicted remnant of the Triumvirate brightened under its benign influences and began to consider, in cheerful mood, where the remaining ten days of their holiday should be spent.

That night the baggage was checked for Duluth, and at that famous port the steamer "Manistee" was taken upon the day following, going down Lake Superior and through Chequamegon Bay to Ashland, the terminus of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, 351 miles north of Milwaukee.

Everybody who goes fishing in the "West" knows something about Ashland. It fulfils Isaak Walton's idea of Paradise; within twenty miles there are a dozen rivers and creeks where the fly is yet unsuspected by the speckled beauties which lurk in their cool depths, and in front is the great lake with its braver game inviting the lover of sports afield and afloat.

The precipitous and water-worn rocks, which border the shores of the lake, are as picturesque as the tempest-lashed cliffs of Mt. Desert. One of these is pierced by a natural tunnel, from which it is called the "Grand arch." The aperture is sufficiently large to admit of the passage of a small steamboat.

Fishing for the gamey rock trout, in the clear waters that lave the base of the cliffs, is in great favor with visitors.

It is the fashion here to camp upon some one of the pretty points afforded by the Apostle Islands, guarding the bay. These islands are twenty-four in number, and seen from a lofty outlook near Bayfield, the nearest town, give the effect of a splendid archipelago.

"Picturesque America" thus refers to these islands:

"Farther to the West is the beautiful group of the Apostles; this name brings up again the memory of the early missionaries, who came to these islands as far back as 1669. Father Marquette himself, the central figure of the lake-country history, having spent some time here at La Pointe on Madeline Island. It was while attending to this mission that he first heard of the Mississippi, or Great Water, from the Illinois tribes, who were attracted to La Pointe by the trinkets distributed by the French. The idea of seeking out this wonderful river

dwelt in his mind from that time, but he was not permitted to go until several years later, entering its waters at last in June, 1673, with, as he writes in his journal, 'a joy I am not able to express.' An antiquated Roman Catholic chapel still stands at La Pointe, where the Indians and half-breeds assemble to receive instruction from an old French priest."

Excellent steam yachts or sloops may be chartered by visitors for a tour of the islands, or in maintaining communication with the base of supplies at Ashland while in camp.

The speedy little steamer "Eva Wadsworth" maintains regular daily communication between the two towns.

There is an excellent hotel at Ashland, built by the Railroad Company for the especial purpose of accommodating tourists. It bears the name of the bay. Attached to the hotel is a bowling alley and other means of recreation ashore, and a fine fleet of row boats and yachts await guests at the wharf.

It was too late in the season for camping when we visited Ashland, and so, after a few sails and delightful drives, we took a train southward upon the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

Now, if you will look closely at the map of Wisconsin, you will notice that the railroad, after passing southward for about twenty miles, enters a wild and precipitous defile known as the Gap of the Penokee mountains.

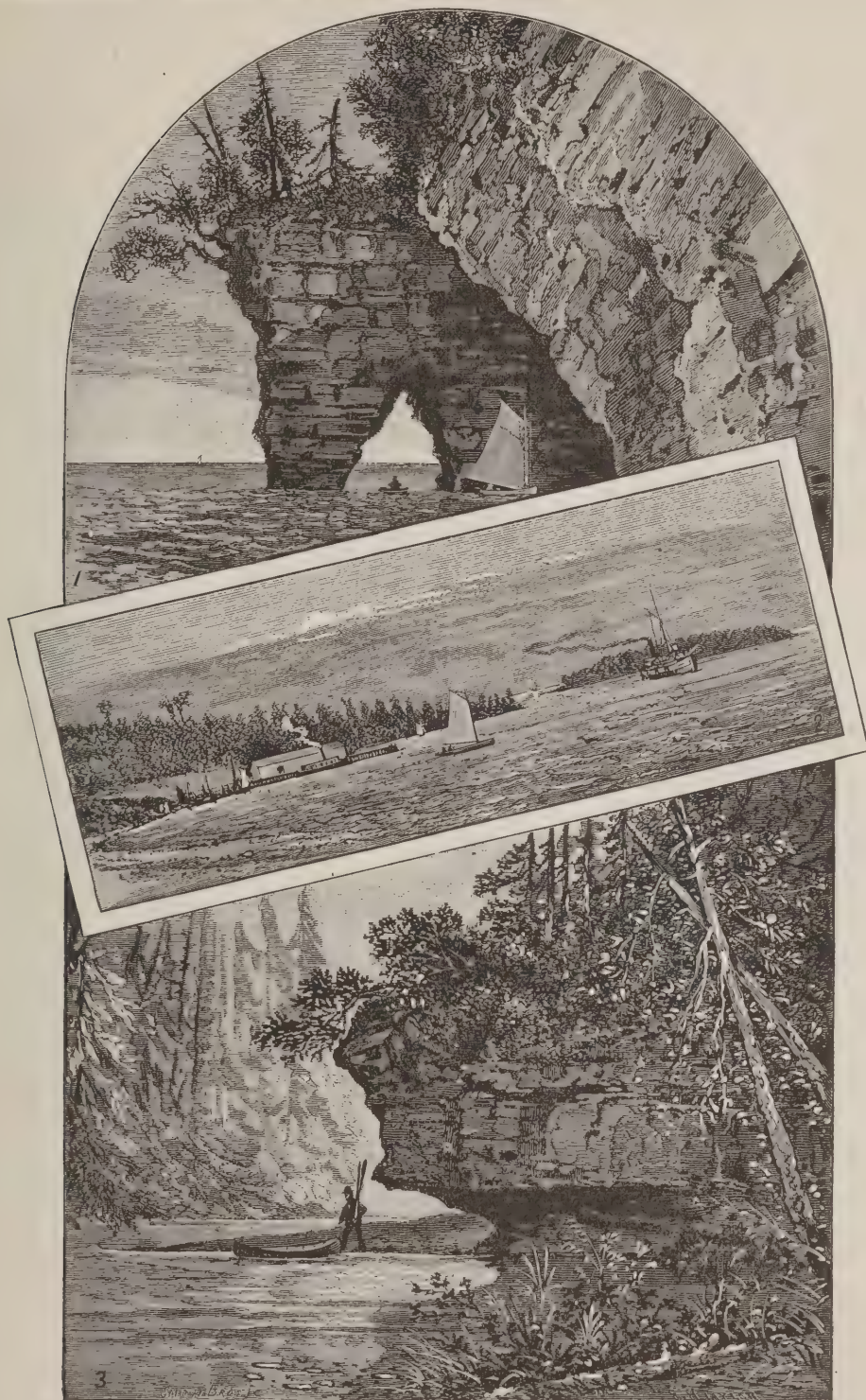
The waters of Bad River pour through the gorge, and the railway is projected back and forth across the turbulent little stream some seventeen times within nine miles. Novel vistas of cliff-bound cascades open every moment in passing this gorge.

At Phillips, a few miles beyond, the railway passes close by the margin of a tempting little lake about three miles long. We had not thought of stopping at Phillips, probably because neither of us had ever been that way before and did not know anything about it. However, the first glimpse of the lake settled the question, and we were out of the cars in a moment.

That's the advantage of traveling in light marching order. Now, if our wives had been along with a half-dozen carpet bags,—but never mind about that.

We hadn't even looked out of the window to discover if a hotel existed at Phillips, but fortune favored us. We found the "Lake View" a





SKETCHES NEAR ASHLAND.

1.—GRAND ARCH. 2.—LOOKING NORTH FROM BAYFIELD. 3.—FISH CREEK.

first-rate house. This hotel and its neighbor, the Fewell House, can accommodate about 150 people.

The fishing in Elk Lake at Phillips is, like that in the streams and lakes of this region generally, very fine.

Elk is the first of a number of sheets known as the "Chain of Lakes;" a swift little stream, half a mile long, navigable for small boats, connects Elk with Long Lake. Beyond the latter come Grass and Deer Lakes, and a little one thrown in for good measure, called the "Pot." There are many good camping sites on these lakes and sport is lively.

You will note by the maps that there is a branch line diverging from the main stem at Stevens' Point and connecting with the C., M. & St. Paul Railway at Portage, just below the Dell region.

The remnant of the Triumvirate avoided the temptation, however, to return to the pleasant scenes of the month gone by, and continued down the Wisconsin Central Railroad, to Wau-paca, where another chain of lakes claimed attention. Each of these miniature seas has its own particular charm of surrounding, and our experiences here reminded us vividly of our pleasant week around Oconomowoc.

The greatest pleasure and surprise of the whole trip, however, awaited our arrival at Elkhart Lake. This superb sheet is but sixty-two miles from Milwaukee, and is therefore much in favor as an excursion resort by the residents of the "Cream City."

The natural features and surroundings are unexcelled, the shores are high and picturesque, with a firm and sandy beach at which boats can land at any point. The lake covers about 800 acres, and is, in many places, 200 feet in depth. Its outline is very irregular, with numerous coves and inlets. The water, being supplied from springs, is very pure and clear, and small

objects on the bottom, at a depth of twenty-five feet, can be readily discerned.

With the exception of here and there a finished clearing, on which stands a hotel or cottage, the lake is completely surrounded by enormous trees, in many places overhanging the water, affording shelter for the angler, or shady nooks for rowing parties. No more beautiful scene can be imagined than a view from one of the hills where, from a lofty height, hundreds of busy pleasure-seekers may often be seen, some in swift sailing yachts, others in less pretentious sail boats, and many in barges, while from the breeze floats up the merry laugh and harmless jest.

Notwithstanding the fact that Elkhart Lake has been a resort for many years, a serious accident has never happened on its waters. The groves at this place form splendid grounds for picnic parties.

Bathing at Elkhart Lake is a very popular amusement. Most all of the hotels have bath houses attached.

In addition to the regular trains, excursions run frequently to this point, rendering it easy of access.

Fish are abundant, boats are free to the guests of the several hotels, and there is plenty of game in the adjacent forests, and in the big marsh of the Sheboygan River, in the immediate neighborhood.

The Statistician and the Man-in-search-of-the-West rested for some days under the enchantment of Elkhart, until a telegram summoned the first back to wrestle with the ever accumulating duties of the transportation department, and the last of the three summer wanderers betook himself to the task of chronicling their veracious experiences. If these pages shall prove an inducement to the reader to go upon an exploration in search of a veritable occidant, it is hoped that they may be as pleasantly beguiled from the undertaking.







GLIMPSE OF BAD RIVER.

## RESULTANT RESOLUTIONS.

—The times have been that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end.—Macbeth, Act III.

The famous Scot, however, never dreamed of the vitality of a triumvirate, and especially an American triumvirate.

It came to pass that upon one of the saddest and most dismal of December days the Prince chanced to find himself in the city of Gotham, and, by another dispensation of "manifest destiny," encountered the Statistician and the "Man-in-search-of-the-West" midway across Broadway. That location not being considered favorable for a protracted review of past events, it was moved to adjourn to a convenient retreat, whereupon a mass-meeting was organized, with the last named member in the chair.

The Prince was appointed a committee of three on hydrostatics, because of his well-known superior experience in such matters. The duties assigned to said committee were so well performed that the several resolutions, each commencing with an extra strong WHEREAS, were never fully completed, and, moreover, were left "upon the table" in an actual rather than parliamentary sense, when the meeting finally adjourned to the inspiring anthem of, "We won't go home till morning."

Fortunately, or otherwise, for the reader, the rough draft of said resolutions was recently discovered in the pocket of an overcoat worn upon that occasion, and are here set forth:

WHEREAS, We, the undersigned, having "met by chance," and desiring to renew the memories of a journey quite unparalleled in the varied

experiences of the past, in its pleasant and novel features; and,

WHEREAS, We are indebted to the courtesies of many persons met during our travels, and whom we hope to meet again; and

WHEREAS again, we heartily wish that our friends, past, present and prospective, may all visit and enjoy the beauties of the numerous miraculously attractive places, scattered like gems upon a garment, over the 4,250 miles of that almost omnipresent and grandly magnificent throughfare, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway,

*Be it resolved*, That this triumvirate is ready to bet its bottom dollar, or any other man's dollars, that the future will speedily develop a greatly increased interest in and wider knowledge among tourists of the great natural attractions to be found through Wisconsin and Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, as well as of the palatial hotels that have been already built among these wonders of the world for their especial comfort,

*And be it further resolved*, That we earnestly advise the ubiquitous American who has "been to Europe" to stay upon this side of the water for the present season, and learn something about the natural grandeur of his own country, by making a pilgrimage "in search of the West."

And if he has *not* "been to Europe,"—*not* to go there, until he has explored so important a portion of his own country as the "Golden Northwest"—and every one who has a modicum, even, of National pride will heed this advice.





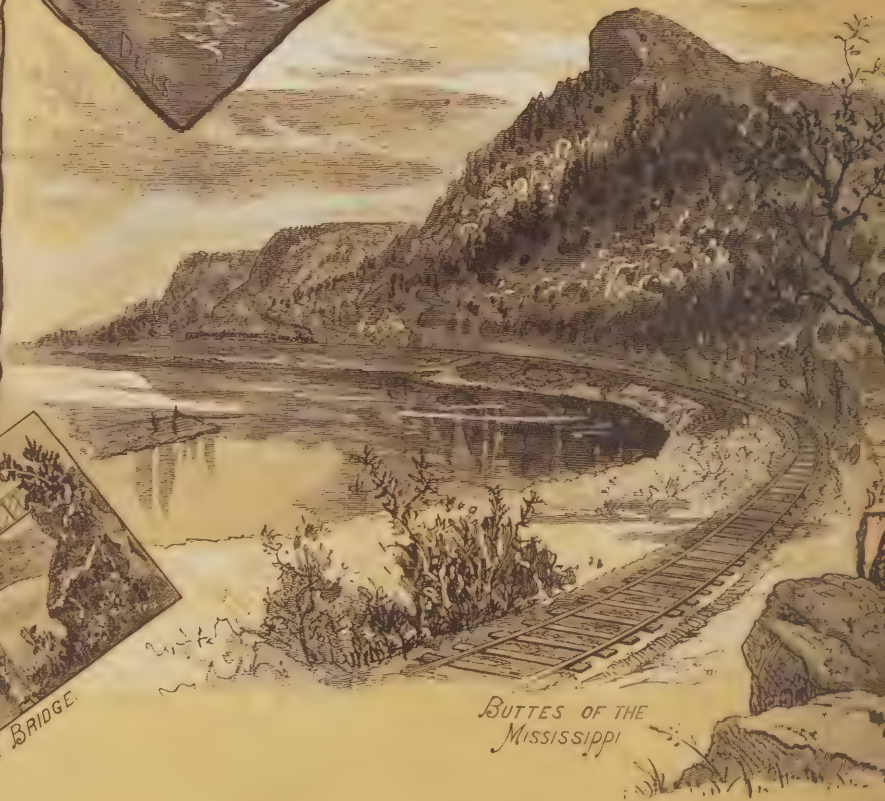




CANYON OF  
BAD RIVER



ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS SHORT LINE BRIDGE

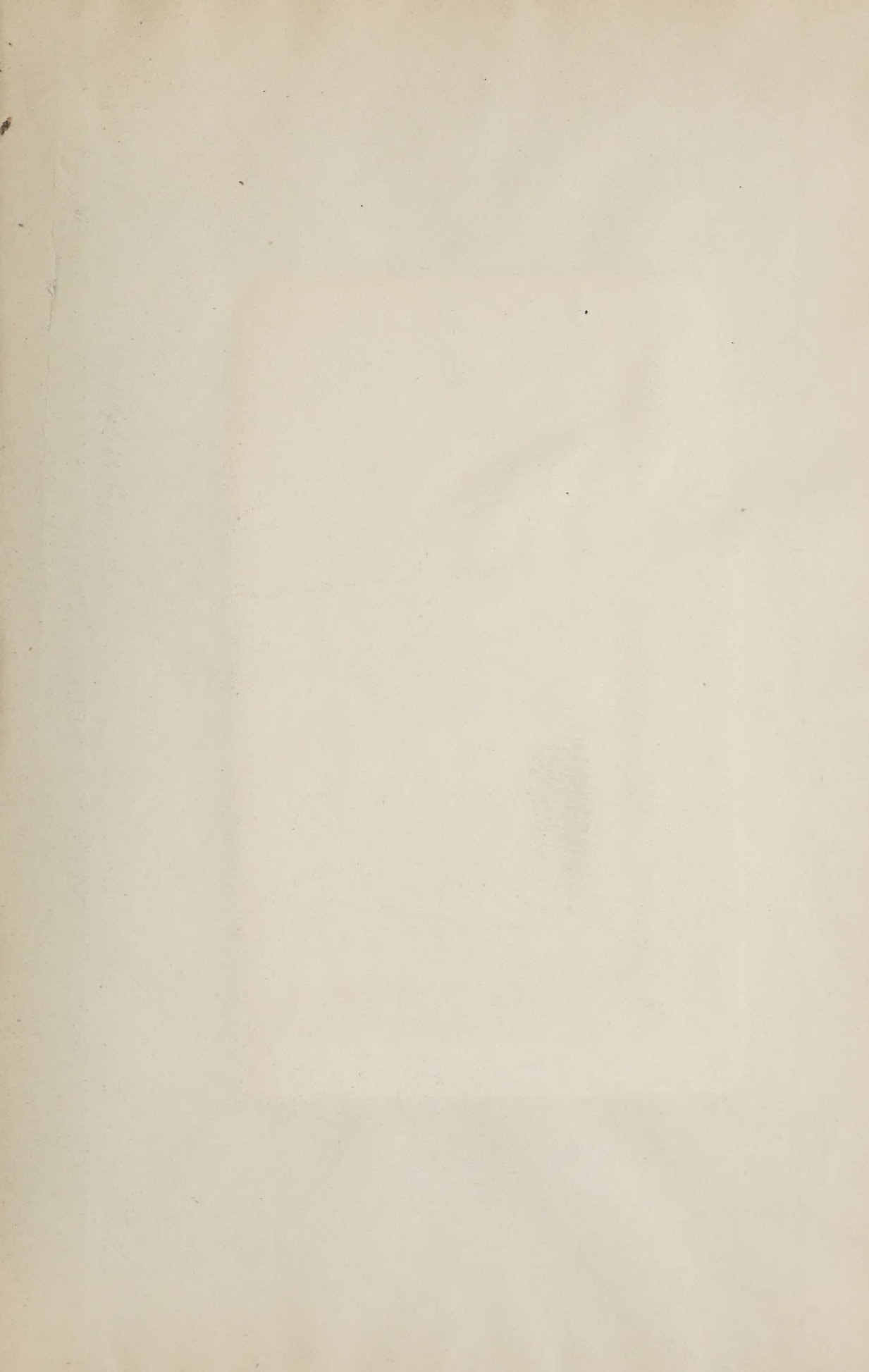


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